JULY 30, 1960. VOL. CCXLII. No. 3139 TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

For over a century
distinguished taste has demanded
CHAMPAGNE MERCIER
Messrs. Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
CHAMPAGNE MERCIER EPERNAY

OPTREX
THE EYE LOTION
RELIEVES TIRED EYES

Peau de Pêche the fabulous suede-look jacket by Weathergay

'GOLFERS'-TROUSERS
styled by
Henry Cotton
THE HENRY COTTON (SPORTSWEAR) COMPANY
SIMON HOUSE, 15, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. TEL: GERRARD 6059
Obtainable from high-class shops and stores.

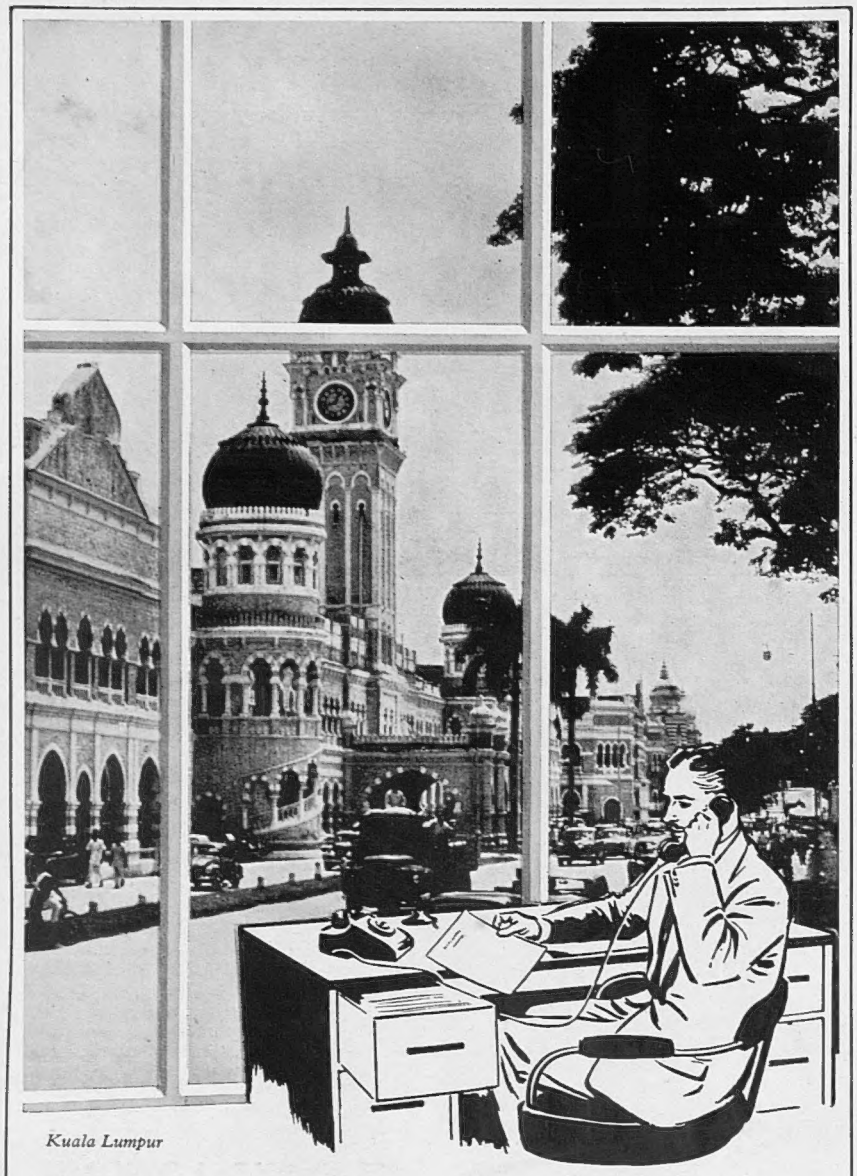
MORNY
of Regent Street · London
FINE SOAPS · MATCHING BATH LUXURIES · PERFUMES

TRADE MARK
BEER AT ITS BEST
TENNENT'S LAGER
ENJOYED THE WORLD O'ER
J. & R. TENNENT LTD. · WELLPARK BREWERY · GLASGOW

TIO PEPE
Spain's Dry Sherry
GONZALEZ BYASS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 1115 JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered at a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/6



Kuala Lumpur

from your desk to the **FAR EAST**

If trade with the Far East interests you, just make a telephone call! Better still, pay a visit to our office at 9 Gracechurch Street. In either case, you will be put *directly in touch* with Far Eastern affairs.

We can provide you with up-to-date credit information and advise you on many other aspects of business with the Far East.

As the largest British bank established by the Far East for the Far East, with branches in twenty countries and a network of agencies in all other principal trading centres, we are in a unique position to help you.

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE: HONG KONG

LONDON OFFICE: 9 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3

TELEPHONE: MANSION HOUSE 8541

Branches throughout the Far East; also in New York, Hamburg, Paris. Offices of our Subsidiary in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

H. E. Bates

has brought the Larkin family home to Kent in his new novel. Full of happiness, good food, and a tremendous zest, it is as delightful and amusing as "The Darling Buds of May." Its title is

When the Green Woods Laugh

(12/6)

Stan Barstow

has written a first novel which is the current

Book Society Choice

of the love of two young people. It is not happy: but it is compassionate, and immensely readable

A Kind of Loving

(16/-)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Volume CCXLII No. 3139

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 30, 1960

© 1960. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

LEADERS IN THE CONGO

President Kasavubu, wearing a feathered chieftain's head-dress, and Mr. Lumumba, the Prime Minister, arrive in Leopoldville after their visit to Stanleyville. While he was in Stanleyville, Mr. Lumumba made the first of his threats to ask for Russian troops to intervene unless the United Nations compelled the Belgian troops to withdraw immediately. Dr. Ralph Bunche, the United Nations Assistant Secretary-General, in the Congo on behalf of the U.N., was reported to have described Mr. Lumumba's demands as an ultimatum. Later, in New York, the United Nations Security Council unanimously approved a Ceylonese-Tunisian resolution which called upon Belgium to withdraw its troops "speedily" from the Congo. A Soviet draft resolution seeking the "immediate" evacuation of Belgian troops had been withdrawn earlier. M. Pierre Wigny, the Belgian Foreign Minister, addressing the Security Council, said that the withdrawal of his country's troops had started. It was then reported from Leopoldville that Mr. Lumumba stated that appeals for assistance from Russia were no longer warranted

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

NEWS SUMMARY

Busy sessions at the Security Council; disarmament; Britain's Cabinet changes; the future of Nyasaland; trouble in Rhodesia

INTERNATIONAL

In **New York** last week the Security Council held three important sessions. It was agreed (Russia and Poland abstaining) that the Cuban complaint against the U.S.A. should not be considered until a report on the matter had been received from the Organisation of American States. Regarding Congo, the Council resolved that Belgian forces there should be withdrawn "speedily." Mr. Lumumba arrived in New York on Sunday and was expected to state his views to the Council early this week. A debate was also begun last week on the Russian allegations against America regarding the RB-47 incident. Mr. Lodge, the U.S. representative, was understood to be preparing a carefully documented reply to the Soviet charges.

Moves to re-open general disarmament talks were being made in the lobbies of the U.N. building. It was anticipated the U.N. Disarmament Commission (which consists of all U.N. members) would meet early in August to decide on the best course to take as result of the breakdown of the Ten-power Conference last month, when the five Soviet bloc representatives walked out.

The only disarmament conference still in session—the three-power conference of Britain, America and Russia on the discontinuance of nuclear tests—held a meeting in **Geneva** on July 21. No progress was reported.

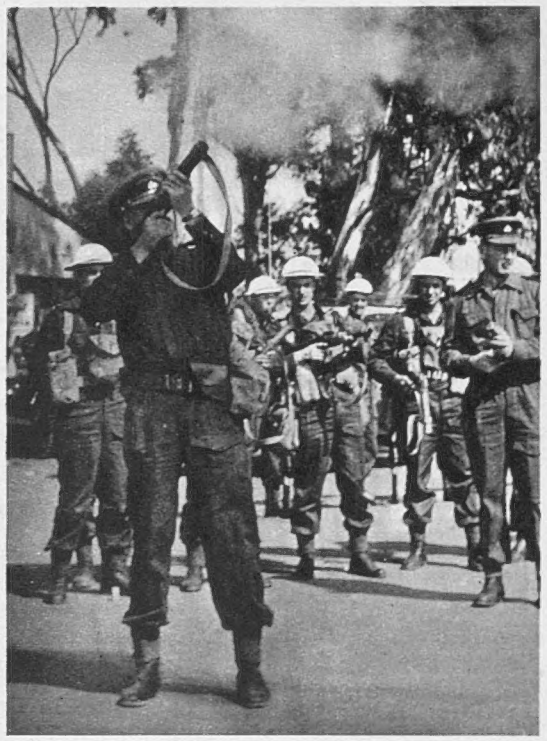
GREAT BRITAIN

The resignation of Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, Q.C., from the Ministry of Health was regarded as the prelude to a major reshuffle of the Cabinet. Mr. Walker-Smith resigned office so that he could return to his practice at the Bar and thus joins the list of those who have given up politics in recent years to go back to their professional or business interests. Among them have been Lord Chandos and Mr. Lennox-Boyd.

The changes in the Cabinet, which were expected to be announced this week, were primarily caused by Mr. Heathcoat Amory's desire to be relieved of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Main interest in the reshuffle centred on reports that Mr. Macmillan was intending to appoint a Foreign Secretary in the Lords. (Lord Home, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, was being widely tipped.) These reports aroused great controversy. In a speech at **Bristol** last Saturday Mr. Gaitskell expressed the Labour Party's view when he declared he was "most disturbed" by what he called "this most extraordinary rumour." His misgivings were believed to be shared by some Conservatives. The last Foreign Secretary to be a peer was Lord Halifax twenty years ago. The case for the Minister being in the Commons is that his post is of such importance that he must be able to answer in person for his actions to M.P.s. On the other hand there are those who hold that in these days of "personal" diplomacy foreign policy is in fact in the hands of the Prime Minister. (Mr. Macmillan's letter to Mr. Khrushchev last week is an obvious example.) Therefore the question of where the Foreign Secretary sits is not so vital. Contrary to popular belief there is nothing new in the principle of the Premier exercising strong control of foreign policy. Lord Salisbury at the end of the last century and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in 1924 were both their own Foreign Secretaries. Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister inevitably took a keen personal interest in the Foreign Office. Whatever the Cabinet changes were to be, it was certain they would be carefully examined for indications of who might be regarded as the eventual successor to Mr. Macmillan as leader of the Conservative Party.

In his speech at Bristol Mr. Gaitskell also discussed the divisions in his own party. He once again firmly rejected unilateral nuclear disarmament, saying "I do not think that as a responsible party we can adopt that policy for the nation." Last Monday, however, the publication of the preliminary agenda for the Socialist Annual Conference at Scarborough in October showed that motions favouring unilateral disarmament were supported by over 100 constituency parties.

Early this week the Liberal Party issued a pamphlet advocating that Britain should join the European Common Market (France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux countries).



A tear gas bomb is fired to disperse demonstrators in the African township of Harare, Salisbury, Rhodesia

A statement supporting a similar move was also published above the signatures of a number of M.P.s of all parties.

Early next year the first new national Sunday newspaper for forty years, the *Sunday Telegraph*, is to be launched. This was announced by the *Daily Telegraph* last week. In its appeal the new Sunday paper will be based on the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE UNITED STATES

The Republican Convention to choose the party's candidate for the Presidential elections started at the beginning of the week in **Chicago.** To all observers it appeared a foregone conclusion that the man nominated would be Vice-President Nixon. His only important rival, Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, the Governor of New York, said that he would only allow himself to be drafted if there was a genuine movement in his favour. Perhaps the most significant occurrence was the meeting, before the Convention, between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Rockefeller, initiated by Mr. Nixon. Following this, Mr. Nixon appeared to have capitulated to most of the demands that Mr. Rockefeller had made regarding Republican policy. Basically these fell into two categories: a stronger foreign policy, including a much increased military budget, and a stronger liberal line over economic development and civil rights.

NYASALAND

The conference on the future constitution of Nyasaland opened at Lancaster House in **London** last Monday. It is the first of three steps to decide what is to happen to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and will be followed by the Monckton Report, expected at the end of August, and by the review of the federal constitution, due in 1961. The present conference started with one main issue in front of it, the development of Nyasaland's constitution and government. Dr. Banda, the leader of the Malawi Congress and the most influential figure in Nyasaland, said before the conference started that he wanted to obtain full adult suffrage. It is also essential to him that the Malawi Congress should have representatives at the federal conference in 1961. (At present the Congress is not represented in the Nyasaland Government.) It seems likely that whatever the outcome of the present meetings between Dr. Banda and Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, there will be a delay in reaching a final decision until the Monckton Report is presented.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

In **Salisbury** there were continued African demonstrations during which many people were arrested. The disturbances later spread to **Bulawayo.** The trouble started after the arrest of three National Democratic Party leaders, charged under the Unlawful Organisations Act. (This was adopted by the Southern Rhodesian Parliament after last year's emergency. It declares illegal a number of African organisations and makes it an offence to belong to them). Over 20,000 Africans went on strike following the arrests and tried to march to the office of Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Premier. They were turned back by police. Sir Edgar later announced a three-month ban on processions in the Salisbury area. Trouble broke out in Bulawayo following a ban imposed on a meeting of the National Democratic Party. The Defence Ministry in Salisbury announced that a battalion of troops had been mobilised in support of the police in the Bulawayo area. For some time before the disturbances, resentment had been growing among politically-minded Africans who felt that their politicians were being discriminated against. At a meeting of Mr. Garfield-Todd's Central Africa Party, a resolution was passed making the following requests: that the franchise should be widened to allow African representation in Parliament; that the detainees held under an Act passed during last year's emergency should be released; that a programme of reform should be initiated leading towards majority rule in the Colony.

IN BRIEF

In **Moscow** the body of the pilot of the RB-47, Captain Willard G. Palm, was handed over to the American authorities last Monday. Other reports from the Soviet capital indicated that the trials of the survivors from the RB-47 and the U-2 incidents might begin in the middle of August. . . . In **Rome,** Signor Fanfani was asked to form his third Cabinet since the war, in another attempt to find a solution to the political emergency. The Christian Democrats secured the support of the Liberals, Republicans and Social Democrats. . . . At **Bushey Heath, Hertfordshire,** the veteran actor A. E. Matthews died in his sleep, aged ninety.

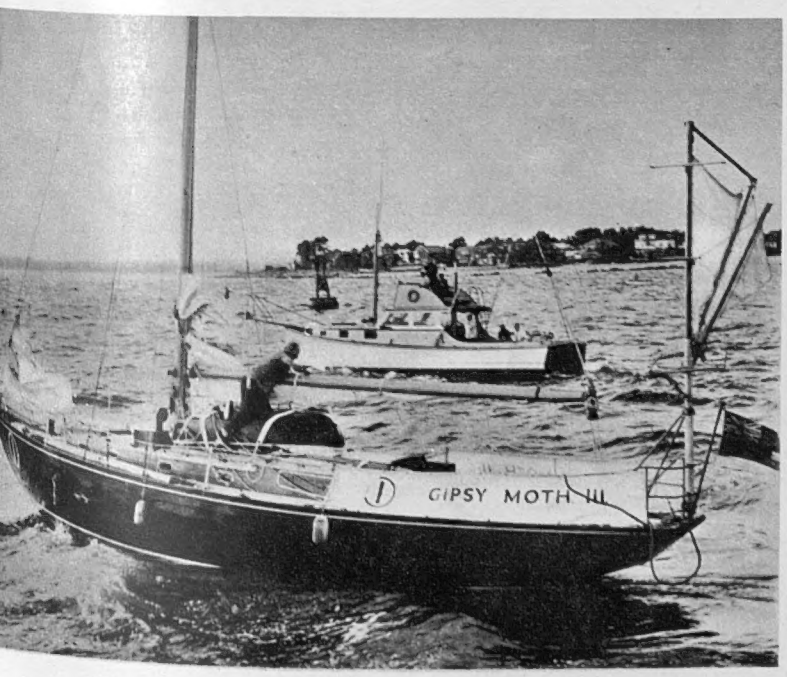
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MACMILLAN AT THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT SANDHURST

The Sovereign's parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, at Camberley in Surrey, is the culmination of months of training of officer-cadets whose motto is "Serve to Lead." At the parade last week the Prime Minister, representing the Queen, presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer R. M. Gamble. The Sword of Honour is awarded to the officer-cadet who is considered by the Commandant of the Academy to be the most outstanding of his term. The Queen's Gold Medal, which is another coveted award, was won by Junior Under-Officer Malik Ghulam Mohammed Khan of Pakistan. After being inspected, the parade, with the "passing-out" company at its head, marches past the saluting base. The cadets who are passing out march off the square, and up the steps of Old College. Traditionally, when they reach the inside of the building they can consider themselves officers. Mr. Macmillan served in the Grenadier Guards during the first world war

BELGIAN TROOPS LEAVE N'DJILA AIRPORT, LEOPOLDVILLE, AND SWEDISH TROOPS FLY IN

Following the decision of the U.N. Security Council that all Belgian troops should leave the Congo "speedily," there was a difference of opinion over interpretation between the U.N. representatives in the Congo and the Belgian Government and its armed forces. The Belgians maintained that the resolution did not apply to its two main bases. Troops withdrawn from Leopoldville went to Kitona in Leopoldville Province. The United Nations representatives believed that the resolution applied to all Belgian troops in the Congo. Mr. Lumumba, the Congolese Premier, arrived in New York, via London, to see Mr. Hammarskjold. He was accompanied by Mr. E. Detwiler, an American financier, who leads an international consortium contracted to develop the Congo

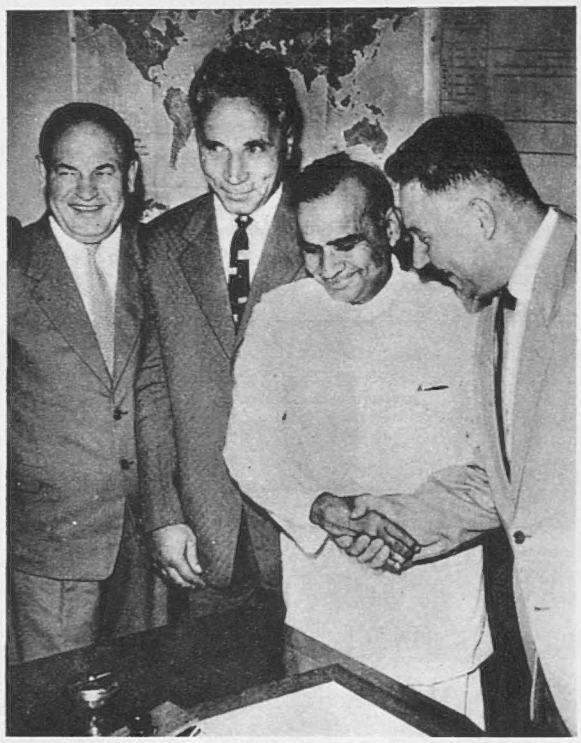


FRANCIS CHICHESTER HAVING WON THE TRANSATLANTIC RACE—AND PREPARING TO START FROM PLYMOUTH

Forty days after setting sail from Plymouth, Mr. Francis Chichester, in *Gipsy Moth III*, crossed the finishing line at Ambrose lighthouse, New York, to win the first single-handed transatlantic race. Mr. Chichester, who is fifty-eight and the oldest competitor in the race, said that he had hoped to make the passage in thirty days but he had had 4,000 miles of headwinds. No news of *Gipsy Moth III*, a 39-ft. cutter, was received for six days until Mr. Chichester radioed that he had only 30 miles to cover. Even then he made no more than 2 knots for the last few hours. Only one of the other four boats in the race was anywhere near the winner. This was *Jester*, sailed by Lieut.-Colonel H. Hasler, which was reported to be about 100 miles from New York when the winner crossed the finishing line

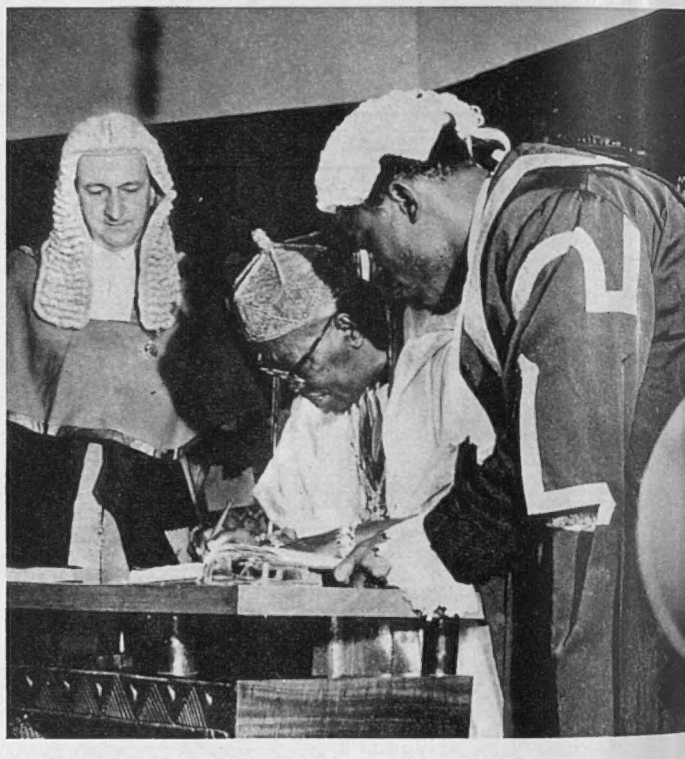
JAPAN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER (CENTRE) WITH OPPOSITION LEADERS, MR. NISHIO AND MR. ASANUMA

Mr. Hayato Ikeda, President of the Liberal Democratic Party, became the ninth post-war Prime Minister in Japan, last week, in succession to Mr. Kishi. He was elected by a large majority at an extraordinary session of both houses of the Diet in Tokyo. Earlier he had met the leaders of the Opposition parties, Mr. Nishio, Chairman of the Democratic Socialists, and Mr. Asanuma, Chairman of the Socialists. Eventually it was agreed that normal parliamentary sessions would be resumed to enable Mr. Ikeda's election. They had been interrupted for nearly two months because of the boycott by the Socialist parties, which considered the Diet's extension since May 19 invalid. After his election, Mr. Ikeda announced the members of his Cabinet, which includes Japan's first woman Cabinet Minister, Mrs. Masa Nakayama



THE INDO-SOVIET OIL AGREEMENT

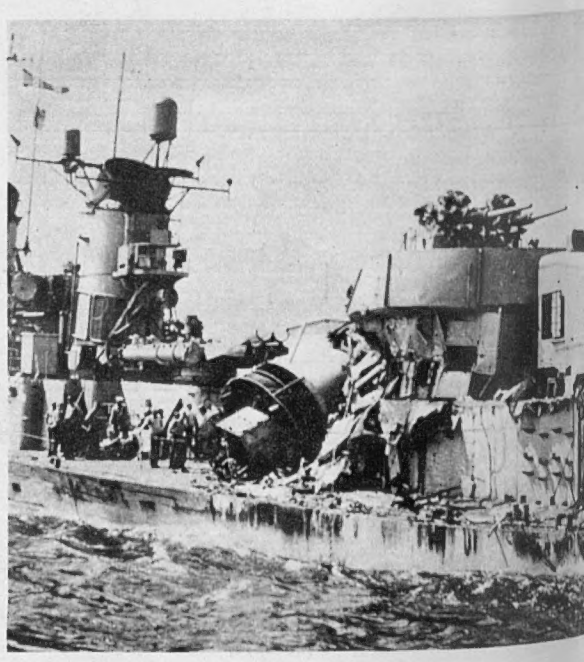
Mr. K. D. Malaviya, the Indian Minister for Mines and Fuel, shakes hands with a representative of the Soviet Oil Export Organisation. They signed an agreement in New Delhi whereby India would import 1,500,000 tons of Russian petroleum products, over the next four years. Later the three foreign oil companies operating in India—Burmah-Shell, Standard Vacuum, and Caltex—offered the Indian Government a 7½ per cent. reduction in the price of crude oil. They stated they were not willing to refine Russian oil



WESTERN NIGERIA'S FIRST AFRICAN GOVERNOR

Far right: Sir Adesoji Aderemi signs the instrument of office after being sworn in as the Governor of Western Nigeria. *Left* is Dr. A. Y. Hedges, Chief Justice of Western Nigeria. The new Governor retains his title as the Oni of Ife, head of the Yorubas of Western Nigeria

In dense fog off the Southern Coast of California, two American destroyers were involved in a collision, in which twelve men were killed. The American Navy Department said that the *Collett* rammed the *Ammen's* port side and water then poured into the *Ammen's* engine-room. The accident occurred while the *Collett* was on sea trials after an overhaul and the *Ammen*, after having unloaded her equipment, was on her way to San Diego to be de-activated. Six other ships were in the vicinity but owing to the fog, neither they nor helicopters were able to go to the aid of the two destroyers. The *Collett* was able to travel under her own power to Long Beach Naval Station, but the *Ammen*, which caught fire, was anchored in shallow water off the coast after she had developed a dangerous list



AMERICAN DESTROYERS INVOLVED IN A COLLISION—Left: THE *COLLETT*, Right: THE *AMMEN*

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

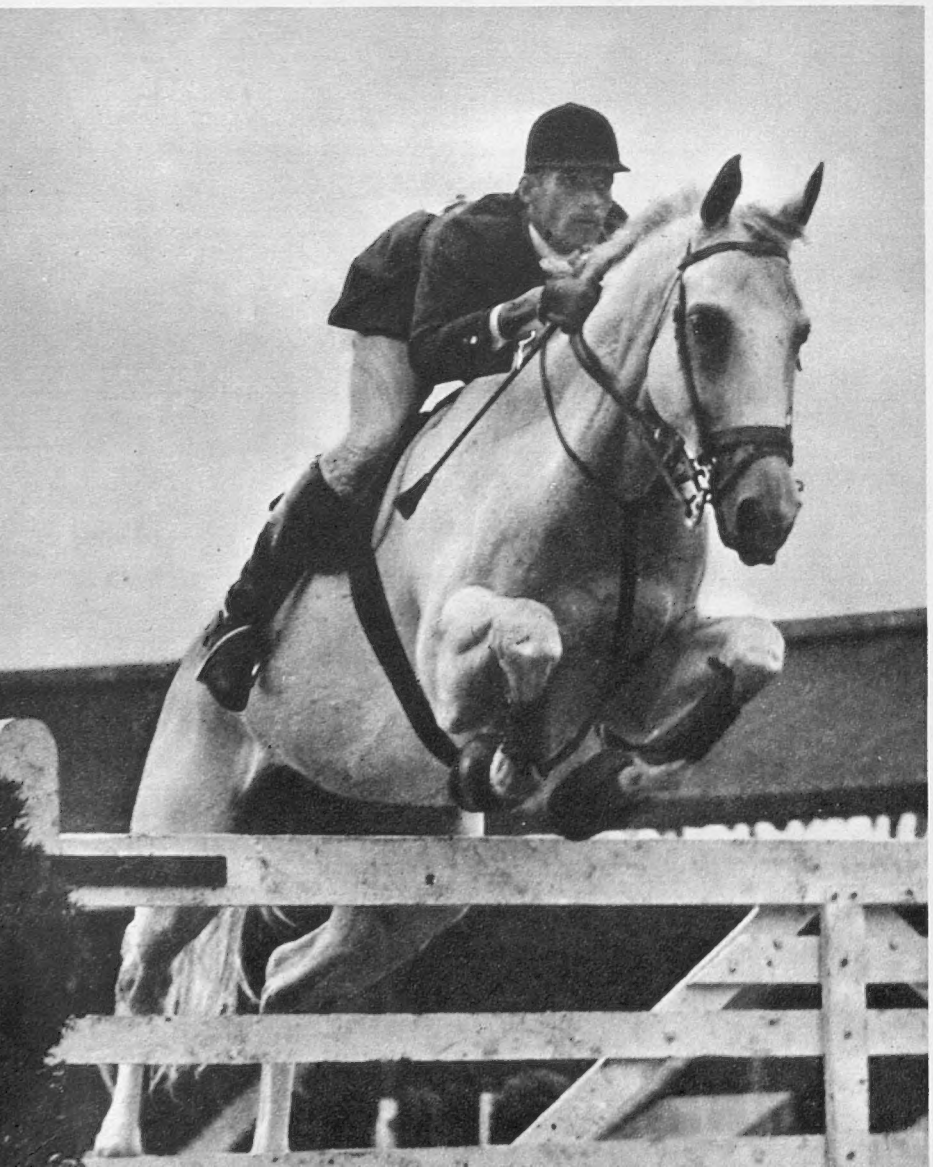
As King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit walk through the Great Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, they are accompanied by Princess Alexandra of Kent and Lord Adrian (*extreme right*), Master of Trinity. The Royal visitors were spending a day in Cambridge after leaving Buckingham Palace at the close of their State visit. In the evening, after their return to London, the King and Queen attended a dinner given by the Government at Lancaster House, at which the host was Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary. During their stay in Britain, the King and Queen were often in the company of Princess Alexandra, who had been their guest in Bangkok in September last year. She met them at Gatwick at the start of the two-day State visit and accompanied them to Victoria for the welcome by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and members of the Government. In the evening she was one of the guests at the banquet given by the Queen and the Duke at Buckingham Palace. On the next day Princess Alexandra was present at London's Guildhall when the King and Queen were guests of the Lord Mayor and City Corporation. At the Buckingham Palace banquet both Queen Elizabeth and King Bhumipol referred in their speeches to Princess Alexandra's visit to Thailand, the Queen saying that her cousin had told her of the magnificent welcome she had received in Bangkok. (Pictures of the State visit of the King and Queen of Thailand are on pages 153, 154 and 155)

THAILAND'S ROYAL VISITORS AT CAMBRIDGE

OXFORD HONOURS FOREIGN SCIENTISTS

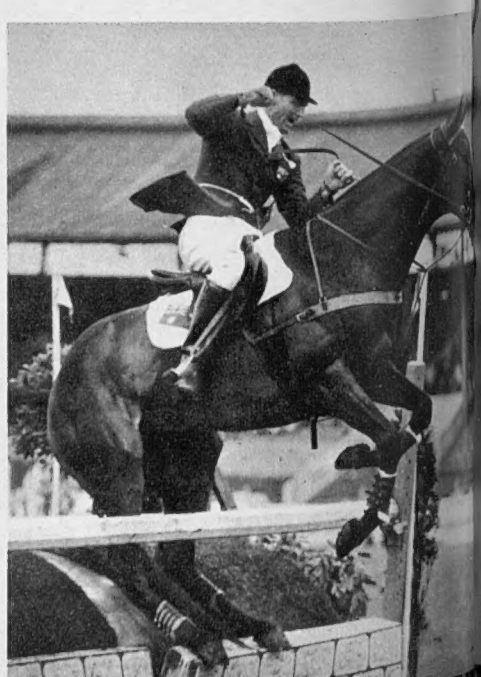
From left are: Mr. N. N. Semenov (U.S.S.R.); Dr. F. Bloch (U.S.); Professor A. N. Richards (U.S.); Dr. T. S. R. Boase, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University; Professor O. Winge (Denmark); and Dr. E. W. R. Steacie (Canada). As part of the Tercentenary of the Royal Society Dr. Boase, in a ceremony in the Sheldonian Theatre, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Science on five distinguished overseas scientists, one a Fellow of the Society and most of the others foreign members. Four hundred members of the Royal Society visited Oxford on the same day. In the afternoon they attended a garden party in Wadham College. There, in the years before the Restoration, Dr. J. Wilkins, the Warden, gathered round him a group of distinguished figures who later became members of the first council of the Royal Society. (Further pictures of the Tercentenary celebrations are on page 160)

The best horse and rider at this year's Royal International Horse Show—Sunsalve and David Broome



JUMPING IN LONDON

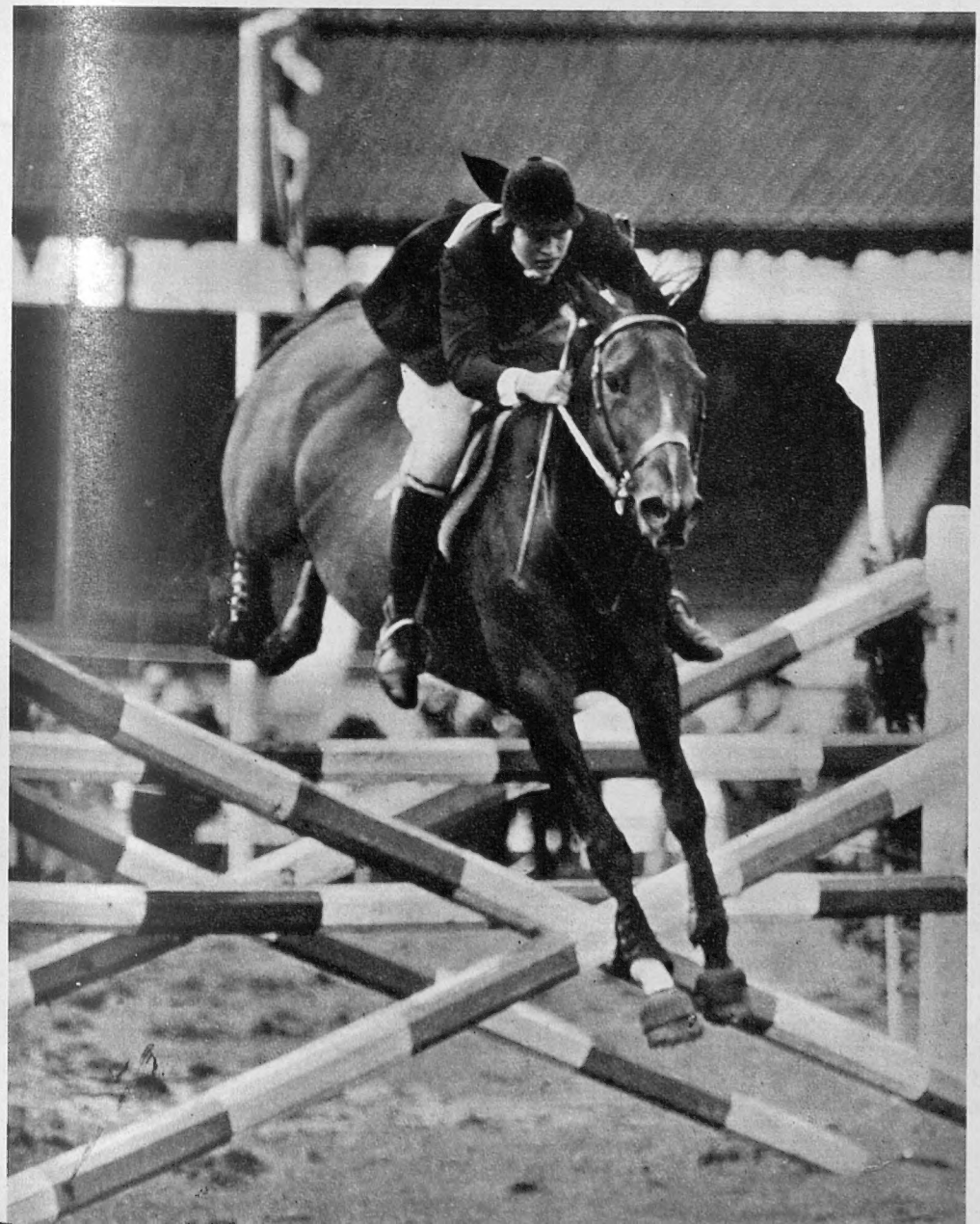
The major jumping events at the Royal International Horse Show at the White City last week were a series of exciting contests between riders and horses from Britain and the United States. The only other country which was ever in the picture was the Argentine. G. Morris, of the U.S.A., on Sinjon, took the Horse and Hound Cup. Britain's Miss Susan Cohen began her triumphant progress on Clare Castle in the Manifesto Stakes. Next day, they won the Queen Elizabeth Cup. David Broome and Sunsalve were the victors in the Nizefella Stakes and the King George V Cup. The United States, however, carried off the team event, the Prince of Wales Cup. Then Miss Pat Smythe scored a great victory for Britain on Scorchin' in the *Daily Mail* Cup. In the final reckoning, David Broome and Sunsalve were awarded the Saddle of Honour, given to the rider gaining most points on one horse. Mr. Broome with Wildfire was second on the list of points. Miss Smythe (Flanagan), Mr. Steinkraus, captain of the U.S. team (Riviera Wonder), and Miss Susan Cohen (Clare Castle) were equal third.



Left: W. Steinkraus, the U.S. captain, on Riviera Wonder wins the Tankard Stakes

Right: Sabre, ridden by R. Roycroft, of Australia's Olympic team, crashes through a jump

Miss Pat Smythe and Scorchin' during the contest for the *Daily Mail* Cup, which they won



Ireland's Loch Garman in difficulties at the White City

An outstanding rider, Miss Susan Cohen on Clare Castle

JOHN CONNELL

CONFUSION IN THE CONGO

Anyone who is so innocent as to regard the United Nations Organisation as the repository of all earthly wisdom and statecraft ought to reflect long and seriously on the course of its handling of the crisis in the Congo. Admittedly both the Secretariat and the Security Council have been harassed and overworked throughout the summer. They have had to cope with a formidable array of squalling babies that have been deposited on their doorstep: the row about the U-2, the row about the RB-47, the Eichmann case, the Cuban complications, and finally this major catastrophe. This may explain, but it cannot excuse, the ineptitude, the lack of intelligence (in the military as well as the political sense), the flurry and the tumble of contradictory statements and decisions, throughout this lamentable month.

The United Nations' Charter, it is as well to remind ourselves, contains a " Declaration Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories." This is a recognition by the signatories that the interests of the inhabitants of such territories—for example, the Belgian Congo until some few weeks ago—are paramount and that the obligation to promote their well-being and advance them towards self-government is a sacred trust. That trust, imposed at the outset individually on the various imperial or colonial powers, now seems to be regarded, both in theory and in law, as a collective responsibility of the United Nations Organisation.

Is it under this provision or under the articles directly relating to the preservation of peace that the United Nations Organisation has intervened in the Congo? Clearly such military arrangements as have been made are entirely *ad hoc*, and are governed by Article 43, which pledges every member of the United Nations, when called upon by the Security Council, to put at its disposal armed forces, assistance and facilities. It was, however, by no means clear, in the middle of last week, why the forces, some 5,000, which had by then reached the Congolese Republic, were there, who had asked them, and how far their authority could be exerted. One simple Ghanaian soldier after a couple of days in the country, was reported to have asked a newspaper correspondent, " Who is fighting whom? " His bewilderment, then and subsequently, has been fully shared by many of us who think ourselves a good deal more politically sophisticated.

In Leopoldville are Dr. Bunche; General von Horn, Commander U.N. Emergency Force; and Major-General H. T. Alexander, Chief of the Ghana Defence Staff

Ten days ago *The Guardian* made an effort to disentangle at least some of the confusion. With a characteristic chilly priggishness it saw what had happened, and was still happening, in the Congolese Republic as a knotty problem rather than as a terrible tragedy. The problem therefore could be intellectually analysed, and subdivided under headings: the mutiny and the restoration of peace; the secession of Katanga; the economic effect on Rhodesia and Nyasaland; the administrative breakdown and its repair; Russia's jubilation: and the effect on race relations, particularly in neighbouring countries. This is a comprehensive list, though I doubt if it covers every aspect of the catastrophe. What about the compensation and the resettlement of the refugees? Or the tracking down and punishment of those who have looted, raped and murdered? Are these to be regarded as international responsibilities? Or, as I suspect, will U.N.O. discreetly shelve them and try to forget about them? For it is a fundamental fact about administrative and political disasters of this order, as melancholy as it is incontrovertible, that the first to suffer and the last to be recompensed are innocent, humble, ordinary individuals.

Over the Congo, the twisting, the shuffling, the evasion and the deliberate rejection of moral responsibility, have been, in my view—and I cannot believe that I am quite alone in holding it—truly appalling. What other adjective is there, for example, which is appropriate to the United Nations' precipitate decision to recognise the new Republic, within a few hours of its formation, because (so the resolution ludicrously put on record) it now had " responsible government "? Was not all the condemnation of the Belgians for sending, post-haste but even so, belatedly, a few troops to rescue their own fellow-citizens equally appalling?

Why was it first decided that the U.N. Force which should be sent must consist only of Africans? Did it never occur to anybody in authority —either in the Security Council or the Secretariat—that this could only add to the fear, the anger, the humiliation and the bitter sense of betrayal of every surviving European? It was a decision which was both contemptuous and contemptible. When one educated, experienced British soldier, on temporary secondment to the Army of Ghana, had been in the country for under forty-eight hours, he had it reversed; but, of course, it ought never to have been made.

Who thought that a contingent of 5,000, and—if I may say so, without giving the gravest offence—consisting of detachments without any common training, any common language, basic equipment or system of command, would be sufficient in that enormous country under those perilously chaotic conditions? General Alexander had only to have one brief talk with General von Horn for it to be obvious that a minimum of 20,000 would be needed. Had anyone considered the number of aircraft required to get such a force there, and to supply and to maintain it once it is there? And really to restore peace and build-up some skeleton pattern of administration, will 20,000 be enough?

This is the gravest tactical emergency yet faced by U.N.O. It cannot be compared to the Sinai-Suez operation in 1956, in which there was a firm demarcation between the victorious (and, let me add, disciplined and co-operative) Israelis and the defeated, scared Egyptians, which greatly facilitated the task of the incoming U.N.E.F. Here there is merely a dreadful muddle, the result of addled thinking, cowardice, irresponsibility and fatuous complacency; there is no conflict of principle or of right; there is just the plain, but difficult, duty of saving life.

As I trust I have made clear in earlier articles, I have, with a grief on which it would be impertinent to enlarge, come to the conclusion that this is the beginning of the end of Western European settlement and civilisation in Africa—the end, because Western Europe under the dead weight of North American and Russian pressure, and for other deep psychological reasons (above all, a general loss of nerve), no longer has the will or the capacity to defend that settlement and that civilisation.

If, therefore, we do not want many thousands of Europeans to be trapped in ruinous retreat after retreat—and the motives and intentions of almost all the African nationalist politicians are now perfectly clear—we must exert enough effort, imagination and self-sacrifice to prepare for their orderly and secure evacuation; and they must have disciplined military protection until they are out of Africa. To this end it is necessary now to raise, train and equip an international evacuation gendarmerie, whose sole purpose will be the supervision of the withdrawal. It must be financed out of revenues raised by the contributing countries; officers, N.C.O.'s and men must be picked volunteers, whose loyalty for the term of their service will be owed solely to the gendarmerie.

Their commander must be responsible only to the consortium of contributing nations, as the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe is responsible to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. His forces must be totally integrated, from company level upwards; they must be fully mobile, with their own transport and combat aircraft, light tanks and light artillery; they must be kept at a very high pitch of readiness and capable of supporting themselves in various kinds of African territory and climate. Though an individual soldier's term of enlistment ought, in my view, to be fairly short, the gendarmerie should be embodied for the whole period of the transfer of power in Africa. The right—and the duty—to call upon its services should reside with the outgoing, not the incoming, administration. No operation should be regarded as completed until the field force commander has personally assured himself that every European willing to go has gone. He should then get into his own aircraft and return to base. The administrative and political future of the territory which he is leaving need be no concern of his.

The plan thus outlined is based upon consideration of what Lord Wavell called " the worst possible case." How much the complacent optimists will hate it. Frankly, I don't care. The Congo is not the worst possible case, but it contains a clear warning of what it would be like.

At Victoria Station, King Bhumipol and his wife, Queen Sirikit, talk to the Duke of Edinburgh. For their two-day State visit last week, the King and Queen of Thailand arrived at Gatwick Airport, where they were greeted by Princess Alexandra, and then went by train to Victoria. There they were welcomed by Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, Mr. Macmillan and other Ministers. The open-carriage procession to Buckingham Palace just escaped a torrential downpour of rain. There followed the traditional spectacular engagements of a State visit. It was the first time that a King of Thailand had made such a visit to Britain. King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit presented Queen Elizabeth with a teak elephant with ivory tusks, weighing more than 400 lb., commemorating their stay

ROYAL VISITORS FROM THAILAND

b

At Buckingham Palace, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are the King and Queen of Thailand

Right:
King Bhumipol replies to the address of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edmund Stockdale, in the Library at Guildhall

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT. They mix it up for us on Olympus. Look upon this picture and on that of July 1959. The contrast is pretty sickening. In July 1959 we enjoyed a summer month exceeding the superlative memories of our lifetimes. We knew that every dawn would bring a day of serene loveliness and sunshine better than the last. This July is a dismal tale of cancelled fixtures, constant frustration, ruined crops and rotting fruit, cold, wet, miserable. But weather contrasts are an ancient tale of "grouse in the gun-room." We should be used to them. Political, international, social contrasts are reasonable subjects for commentary. And last July, if my memory serves, the whole international scene was more hopeful than for years past. Could that impression be due in part to the printing dispute and to the fact that so many periodicals were out of circulation or greatly reduced? That fact perhaps gave us a chance to enjoy what was *good* and not be worried by what was painted too black. But Geneva—that long-drawn-out affair—did at least build up an atmosphere of more temperate international relations. Moscow radio had hailed the Ike-Khrushchev visit exchanges as a history-making event. "*The whole world knows that world peace stands to gain by stable Soviet-American relations.*" Summit hopes were rising and the coming General Election was inducing us to be certain that "we never had it so good" and were bound to have it better. Look at us now, twelve months later. The cold war was never so bitter—hot ice and wondrous strange snow. We have got horribly near the brink. Relations between U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. have seldom looked uglier. The calm evolution of "colonialism" into multiple enlightened sovereignties looks more like a witches' cauldron. Brutality and injustice are rife again. Reckless indiscipline, impatience and revolt against authority seem once more as "commonplace" and natural as they are accepted to be immediately after a world war has unseated human reason. A note of serious anxiety has crept into Government warnings on the need to increase our exports. Looking back only one year we can fairly say we never had it so good as in July 1959 and seldom had it nastier than in July 1960. "*Nastier*" because there is no justification at all to-day for this unseating of human reason, as perhaps there was up to 1950. We were offered a chance of repentance we did not deserve, and we have spurned the gift Olympus offered.

PARTNERS IN CRIME. There was excuse for charging up the horrors of World War II to the madness and inordinate ambition of *one man*. There was some little justification for charging up World War I to a group of men. But neither one man nor a group of men could have achieved their fearful aims in 1914 or 1939 except by profiting from the weaknesses, disunity and apathy of other nations. And before we charge to the account of one man the shocking relapse into barbarism and anxiety since the modified hopes and returning restraint of July 1959, we must weigh the weaknesses in the West against the reckless brinkmanship in the East. There is nothing in the world so catching as successful aggression. The blackmailer who gets off with it breeds many imitators. The blackmailer succeeds through the weakness and the wobble of his victim, and the more he extracts, the more he demands. Those victims who yield in panic to all sorts of demands are partners in the commission of crime, and unless the forces of law and order are united and strong to resist, reckless aggression is bound to flourish, and indiscipline will be rife from the docks or workshops to the seats of Government. And whether the blackmailers are a group of workmen, an undeveloped, disunited and primitive nation demanding sovereignty or a great bloc of nations seeking world dominance, they will always succeed in disrupting the world so long as the upholders of world order are hesitant, divided and apathetic. No amount of money will buy them off, no amount of soft words. For all of them the going is good until they meet a *ne plus ultra* and know that it means what it says. At the moment, the Western defences of order, internationally and domestically, are very far from standing shoulder to shoulder against the prevalent disease of successful blackmail in small or large. We stave off as best we can our individual troubles, seeking a respite but never a remedy. The old gunboat diplomacy was very shocking but it enabled the prefects to keep the Lower Fourth in order. The new "gunboats" are not so effective. U.N. has no guns and H.B. has huge guns certain to burst, if fired. So it's "the day of the small man"; the Lower Fourth is in complete control and indiscipline is very catching.

CLAUSE 4. Whether or no the edited version of the proceedings of the famous Labour executive meeting of July 13 contains Mr. Phillips' frank words that the morale of the party to-day is "at an all-time low" and its internal quarrels very serious, the setting at Scarborough in October will still be tense despite the fact that Mr. Gaitskell's amendment to Clause 4 has been dropped. It does not seem to me that a statesman, in office or opposition, who bows to majority opinion of his country or party and consents to abandon a

King Bhumipol and Queen Elizabeth ride in the first carriage of the procession to Buckingham Palace

cherished belief and policy is necessarily humiliated. It has often occurred, and one could wish it occurred more often. Scarborough may be spared a major quarrel over Clause 4, and perhaps not before 1963, when election fever will be rising, will Gaitskell's words be recalled and weighed sympathetically again. It may be that his left wing will give up sniping him for a time, and allow him to lick his wounds, if any. But, if one danger of present defeat is taken from him by surrender, a danger of defeat as great awaits him in October. If Labour's new defence policy should suffer defeat at Scarborough—by no means certain but bound to be a near-run thing—he could hardly survive a second defeat in a matter of four months and would be then in the wilderness with a vengeance. He is staking all on a doubtful throw and deserves praise for his courage and for my part I would still risk a small sum at reasonable odds on backing him to squeak home.

NOLO EPISCOPARI. It occasionally happens that a man who has inherited a peerage or baronetcy announces that he will not use his title. I suppose there are half-a-dozen or more who have done so, either from an honest belief that hereditary titles are outworn in a modern democracy or because the use of a title may handicap him in business. I approve their decisions. I am all for allowing our ancient conventions and traditions to live their lives out. We have about 800 hereditary peers, only a small proportion of whom carry out functions in the House of Lords. The extraction of peerages is not so swift as to endanger the supply in the estimable future of the space-age. And somehow peerages and the space-age seem odd bed-fellows. I supposed that life peerages would gradually do away with new hereditary creations. But it does not seem to be so. Still as of old "suitable" types are chosen to carry on the age of privilege from father to son with no guarantees sought that they will exercise such legislative functions as still belong to them, and not all the Commonwealth members approve the practice. The glories of our blood and state are not, to outward show, what they were, and I don't know that the best method of bolstering up what remains lies in keeping up these ancient splendours and asking the sun to stand still in the age of privilege. "There's a lot to be said for the Lords." They conduct valuable functions mostly by the agency of 1st creations and life-peers; and (some peers say) it is still great fun being a lord. It may be so, but there is a small minority which declares: *Nolo episcopari.*

TOO RIGHT—ALMOST. Dr. Bianca, leader of the sect which banked on July 14, 1960 as the day of the ending of the world, admitted that he had made a mistake in the calculations supplied to him by Logos. He did so when zero hour plus 15 minutes had passed and "nothing happened." That is to say, there was no nuclear war or global earthquake or tidal wave. But, of course, a lot of nasty things *were* happening, and Logos, if a little obscure, was much too nearly right to be comfortable. The sect were all prepared on Mont Blanc to survive the trouble, in air-conditioned chalets with reserves of food, and they remained there a few days longer, as a precaution. Dr. Bianca spoke frankly, if ungrammatically, to reporters: "Everybody can make mistakes, even *us*. You should be happy we were wrong." It depends on what you mean by *happy*. The unbelievers lower down the mountain certainly turned again to their dancing and grog, presumably in sheer relief, and no doubt the dance of death is better than no dancing at all. But I am puzzled why the sect took so much trouble themselves to survive the end of the world. Using Mont Blanc as their Ararat, they surely planned for themselves a pretty dim existence with tinned food eaten in air-conditioned chalets, with utter chaos a 1,000 ft. below them. All the same, Logos made a "dashed good stab at it," and it looks to-day as if he won't be far out, unless we start in to do something about it.

"ONLY HE COULD TELL IT." The Duke of Windsor decided to sell his reminiscences of the Royal Family to the *Daily Express*, and no doubt at all they are being avidly read. His *King's Story* proved an honest, well-written and by no means "sensational" book. If his account of the Abdication events was one-sided, it was his own honest view and as a "private person" he was as entitled as anyone else to give the world his *apologia pro sua vita*. Only his private secretary, it seems, had no such right. True, he was still a member of the Royal Family and *that* he bore in mind when he wrote his book. He did nothing to denigrate his Royal House and indeed furnished some useful sidelights for the truths of history. Nor do I suppose that he will ever lose sight of the fact that he was a King of England once, a son and brother of English Kings. His albums and memories, no doubt, will furnish forth much of interest, and perhaps little sensational. So far he has drawn on *A King's Story* again to some extent. Yet I was puzzled at his decision to serialise. His second volume of reminiscences would possibly be more sympathetically received by the reading public if it had appeared first in book form, and if he had sacrificed the lucrative middle way of serialisation, which often enough loses on the swings what it makes on the roundabouts. But "*My Page*" is certainly a fine journalistic scoop.

THE OLD STAGER

Joan Plowright and Sir Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice and his daughter, Jean

In front of a garish backcloth, Archie Rice goes through one of the routines in his summer show

ENTERTAINMENT

THE ENTERTAINER

The film version of John Osborne's play, in which Sir Laurence Olivier gave one of the most remarkable performances of his career, was due to have its first public showing in London at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on July 28. But nothing is certain in the film industry and this film has been surrounded by even more uncertainty than usual. The original London run was cancelled; it was shown unofficially at the Cannes film festival with little publicity; and its appearance in England was held up for some time. At one time it was reported in the Press that British Lion, the distributors, had said that re-dubbing of the soundtrack was necessary as the seagulls at Morecambe had drowned the dialogue. A more likely reason is that the distributors wanted to obtain an "A" certificate from the British Board of Film Censors, but could only obtain an "X" (with which it is now released).

In any case, it has been awaited with a great deal of expectation, and the controversies will probably continue. Directed by Tony Richardson, *The Entertainer* was shot on location at Morecambe. It tells the story of a seedy comic's decline into failure amid the garish and sleazy debris of the variety theatre, with its nude shows, blue jokes and hackneyed routines. Of all the forms of entertainment hit by television, variety, already on its last legs, was hit worst and has now expired, except for summer shows at seaside resorts. It is at one of these that Archie Rice, brilliantly acted by Olivier, stars in a show called *Stars and Strips*. Inured to lack of response from apathetic audiences, he has perfected the throw-away line. His home life is also full of failure. When his daughter Jean (Joan Plowright) comes back, she finds that Archie is plunging into debt again. After a series of crises, Archie cannot kid himself any longer: he has thrown away not only his lines but also his illusions.

In a station buffet—Jean, her brother Mick (Albert Finney) and her fiancé (Daniel Massey)

Archie Rice with Tina (Shirley Ann Field)

In their home are Phoebe (Brenda de Banzie), Jean, Frank (Alan Bates) and Archie Rice

Left: Billy Rice, Archie's father (Roger Livesey), is taken ill backstage on the night of his comeback. **Right:** Billy Rice recaptures a moment of his past glory in his club

Below: The old gag—Archie goes up with the curtain, rising on the finale of his show

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON-

AUSTRALIA

Ever since the Murray Commission appointed by the Federal Government presented its now celebrated report on the future of the Australian universities in May 1958, events have been moving fast. The committee, under Sir Keith Murray, chairman of the United Kingdom University Grants Commission, pulled no punches. Yet its far-reaching criticisms of defects in the universities and its constructive proposals for remedying them were accepted immediately, and almost without exception, by the Government. Indeed, the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, who had been personally behind the appointment of the Commission, announced the acceptance of at least one of its major recommendations when he presented the report to Parliament. This was for the appointment of a permanent Australian university grants committee, which is now at work advising the Federal Government on allotment of funds.

The committee reported that the universities were inadequately equipped and staffed, lacking in adequate accommodation and in need of more financial aid immediately. On the appointment of a grants commission it said, "The day is past when planning of university developments can be left entirely to individual institutions or confined within the boundaries of one State." It made the observation that the problems of the universities were affected by the rapid growth and concentration of the population, the phenomenal growth of industry and Australia's increased international responsibilities—a reference to the growing number of Colombo Plan and other Asian students being taken into the universities.

That the universities are already being revitalised can be seen from the number of advertisements for new staff in the columns of the British Press. The universities are getting more money and Mr. Menzies recently hinted that the Federal Government would have to dip even deeper into the purse. Salaries of professors and their staffs have been lifted—by as much as £A466 in New South Wales. Most of the universities have building programmes in hand, and the State of Victoria is pressing on with the establishment of its second university, the Monash. Professor J. A. L. Matheson, formerly Professor of Engineering at Manchester University, has taken up his post as vice-chancellor to guide the organisational work while the buildings go up. Teaching will start in 1961. Ultimately the Monash will have 12,000 students, but it will reach saturation point by 1970 and already Victoria is planning a third university.

At least one fear seems to have been allayed. State governments and university councils were hitherto suspicious of a Federal-sponsored university commission—the states because they were sensitive to any threat of Federal intrusion on their constitutional control of education; the universities on the principle that those who control the purse might also want to meddle with the independence of university councils and academic staff. There have been enough recent examples of pressure being brought to bear on university authorities to dismiss professors whose leanings, or suspected leanings, are not suited to the government in power, for this fear not to be dismissed lightly. However, Australian governments so far have an unblemished record in this respect, and in any case, in the absence of an Australian Lord Nuffield, no other adequate source of money was in sight.

INDIA

The draft of India's Third Five-Year Plan has been studied with interest throughout the world and India's aims at reconstruction and development fully appreciated. Substantial support has already been pledged, not only by the Commonwealth but by all countries interested in seeing a strong democratic India playing her due role in the economic and political counsels of the world. The Commonwealth Press has welcomed the Plan in no uncertain terms. It has also advised the respective governments to do everything possible to make the Plan a success. The efforts of the Indians themselves will gather considerable momentum through the co-operation of friendly countries.

High priority is given in this Plan to industry, especially heavy industry which will make the economy self-sustaining. Steel and machine building have been given careful consideration. Developments in iron and steel are linked with the capacity target of 10·2 million tons in terms of steel ingots and 1·5 million tons of pig iron for sale. The Bhilai, Rourkela and Durgapur steel plants are proposed to be expanded, contributing jointly 5·5 million tons of steel ingots. The Plan also provides for a fourth steel plant in the public sector to be started at Bokaro. The step-up in investment from a total of £556,000,000 in the Second Plan to a total of £765,000,000 for the Third Plan will call for a large effort for mobilising domestic resources. The national income is expected to increase during the Third Plan period at a rate of over 5 per cent. per annum. It is from this source mainly that additional demand for investment will have to be met. The Plan aims at raising the level of investment in the economy from about 11 per cent. of the national income by the end of the Second Plan to about 14 per cent. by the end of the Third Plan. The rate of savings is at present about 8 per cent. of the national income. This has to be raised to about 11 per cent. by the end of the Third Plan. The balance represents the expected inflow of resources from abroad.

The Third Plan starts, unlike the first two, with a low level of foreign exchange reserves. There is no further scope for drawing on these reserves. Moreover, the level of prices is now more than 20 per cent. above the level at the beginning of the Second Plan. Both these considerations demand that inflationary investment of public outlays must be kept down to the barest minimum. On the other hand, the situation now, in several respects, is more favourable than in the earlier plans. There has been a substantial step-up in investments over the last ten years. Most of India's projects have now reached the "functioning" stage. They have now started to yield surpluses. These surpluses can and must be drawn upon for financing further investments. The outline emphasises that the problem of finding resources for the Plan is not to be viewed as one of drawing upon some fixed or static pool. To an extent, resources grow as an economy develops. Despite the stresses and strains of the last few years, the progress that has been achieved provides a basis for a high effort in the coming years. India's planners recognise that the vicious circle of poverty and low-level of savings and investment can be broken only by more effective mobilisation of potential resources and by continuous channelling of the gain in production into investment.

(*A previous report on the Five-Year Plan appeared last week.*)

PAKISTAN

The Pakistan Council of Scientific and Industrial Research was inaugurated as an autonomous organisation in April 1953. The Council operates through a Central Secretariat in Karachi and has set up nuclei of four National Laboratories in Karachi, Dacca, Lahore and Peshawar, which are engaged in fundamental and applied researches of immediate importance to the industrial development of the country. The construction and equipment of its permanent laboratories on a scale commensurate with the overall national development programme has been proceeding simultaneously. In spite of many difficulties and handicaps the Council has made considerable progress during the past two years. A number of industrial processes of importance, evolved in its laboratories in the course of a few years were developed after pilot plant studies and offered to industry for commercial exploitation. A lively interest has been shown by the industrialists in these processes, which are mostly based on indigenous raw materials, and seventeen of them have now been leased out for commercial exploitation to suitable parties.

Due emphasis on applied work has led to considerable achievement in the field of industrial development. Researches on the fundamental aspects of various problems have been carried out by the Council. The discovery of the new alkaloidal complex, named as "Serpajmaline," from the fresh roots of Rauwolfia was a landmark in that direction. This complex has been found to be active in reducing blood pressure without the central depressant action characteristic of Reserpine and other preparations of Rauwolfia. Besides, several research schemes in the universities and other research institutions of Pakistan were financed by the Council and encouraging results have been obtained from the operation of these schemes. The experimental plantation of Rauwolfia Serpentina which can prove to be cash crop for earning foreign exchange, and isolation of antibiotics from micro-organism of the soil of East Pakistan also deserve mention.

CEYLON

Ceylon gave the world its first woman Prime Minister last week, when it voted into power Mrs. Sirima Bandaranaike, leader of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party and widow of the assassinated former Prime Minister, Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike. Her party gained 75 seats out of a possible 151 in Ceylon's House of Representatives. The United National Party, the Freedom Party's chief rival, won only 36. The election was a test of strength between the United National Party, founded by the late Mr. D. S. Senanayake, the first Prime Minister of Ceylon, and now led by his son, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, and the Sri Lanka (Ceylon) Freedom Party, founded by the late Mr. Bandaranaike. The United National Party held power in Ceylon from 1947 (the eve of independence) to 1956 when Mr. Bandaranaike successfully challenged it and became Prime Minister. The United National Party formed the Government again briefly this year after it emerged as the single largest party, but without majority support, at the general election in March. Mr. Dudley Senanayake, the Prime Minister, decided to call for a fresh election in April when his Government was defeated on a vote of confidence.

WEALTH

Australian universities; India's new Plan; industrial research in Pakistan; Ceylon elections; Ghana and the Congo

In the March election the United National Party won fifty seats and the Freedom Party forty-six. Ceylon's House of Representatives has 157 members, of whom 151 are elected.

In last week's election the Freedom Party had as electoral allies, the Trotskyite Lanka Sama Samaja Party and the Communist Party. The three parties had agreed not to contest each other in an attempt to beat the United National Party at the polls. The two Marxist groups, however, contested only twenty-eight seats while the Freedom Party had ninety-eight candidates. The Freedom Party emphasised that the alliance existed only to fight the election.

The United National Party contested 128 seats. Unlike the March election when there was a multiplicity of parties and candidates—there were 898 candidates and twenty-two parties—there were as many as seventy straight contests last week. In forty-six of them the United National Party faced the Freedom Party. This election was the fifth occasion when Ceylon's voters—the first Easterners to enjoy full adult suffrage—exercised the franchise under the Parliamentary system.

GHANA

Whatever accusations may have been levelled in the furore arising from the crisis in the Congo, no one could complain of indifference by the new Republic of Ghana. The swiftness of her response to events could only be described as remarkable. A four-man mission was sent to Leopoldville from Accra within a day or two of the first disturbances. The head of it, Mr. A. Y. K. Djin, was appointed Ghana Ambassador to the Congo while he was there. Another member, Nana Kobina Nketia (who apart from being a Paramount Chief is a doctor of philosophy of Oxford University), flew back to make interim reports to President Nkrumah. Even before moves had been made to authorise a United Nations Force to take over from Belgian troops, Dr. Nkrumah was on the telephone to Mr. Hammarskjöld with an offer to fly in units of the Ghana Army and put them under U.N. command.

When the vanguard of the international column put down in the Congo, Major-General H. T. Alexander, Chief of Ghana's Defence Force was already there and British newspapers were hailing his steadying influence. Apart from stamping out an incident which threatened trouble after a Congolese had been shot dead, he had worked out an agreement which kept the Belgian and African troops apart; inspected units of the *Force Publique*, who had paraded for him without arms; and taken over a building next to the British Embassy for the Ghana Army headquarters, from which Ghanaian signallers established radio contact with Accra. General Alexander made it clear that he was not taking over as United Nations commander, but was doing the job until General von Horn arrived.

The two Ghanaian battalions which flew into Leopoldville arrived as self-contained units with their own medical company and seven days' rations. The Government said they could add if necessary a fully-equipped military hospital, engineer troops with road and bridge building equipment and powered river craft. It came as a surprise to many people overseas that the Ghana Army could take such swift and effective action. The Ghana High Commission in London was swamped with newspaper inquiries about the country's armed forces.

The cost of her own defence was one of the responsibilities assumed by Ghana on her independence in 1957. Formerly, there had been a Regiment of Infantry, with supporting arms, but no navy or air force. For the past three years not only has there been a build-up of the military, but a start has been made on the big task of developing the other two services. Pilots are training at a new flying school and sea-going crews are being instructed in two vessels bought from the Royal Navy.

In the new Constitution, Dr. Nkrumah is Commander-in-Chief as well as President. Under him, Major-General Alexander—a seconded officer who succeeded Major-General A. G. V. Paley seven months ago—runs the Army. Other British officers serve side by side with their fellow Ghanaian officers. There were nine Ghanaian commissioned ranks in 1951: now there are 111, with many more on the way. Morale among both officers and men is high. Troops from the old Gold Coast played a prominent part in the East African campaign in the 1914-18 War and in Burma in the Second World War.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Cadets from the Commonwealth, in London for the centenary of the founding of the Cadet Forces in Britain, are taken on a tour of the Houses of Parliament. On July 22 the party, consisting in all of eight officers and fifty Commonwealth cadets, were due to take part in the centenary parade at Buckingham Palace

The South African exhibit at the festival of Commonwealth flowers and floral arrangements at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, in London. *Below:* Part of the display from Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The exhibition was organised by the National Association of Flower Arrangement Societies of Britain

The Queen gives her address at the opening ceremony of the Royal Society Tercentenary celebrations in the Albert Hall. On her right is Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, P.R.S., and on her left Queen Louise of Sweden

King Gustav of Sweden, F.R.S.

ROYAL SOCIETY TERCENTENARY

Men and women of learning and guests from all over the world assembled in the Royal Albert Hall on July 19 for the formal opening of the week of celebrations to mark the tercentenary of the Royal Society for the Promotion of Natural Knowledge. In her address, the Queen referred to the "great international gathering" and presented the Society with a silver bell. Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, President of the Society, formally admitted the King of Sweden to the Fellowship. (A special article on the tercentenary was published in *The Sphere* last week.)

During a visit to the Imperial College of Science, Prince Philip, F.R.S., shares a joke with three other Fellows—Lord Adrian, Sir Alexander Fleck and Sir Harold Hartley

Mr. Justice Van Lare, of Ghana, and Sir Cyril Hinshelwood at Lancaster House

Queen Louise of Sweden talks with Dr. D. C. Martin, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, after the Albert Hall ceremony

BY DIESEL TO THE WEST COUNTRY

A journey on the footplate of one of British Railways' new locomotives drawing the "Cornish Riviera Express"

by **JOHN STEEL**

"Speed within reasonable limits is a material ingredient in the perfection of travel," said Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the great engineer of the Great Western Railway, and to attain this ideal was always the objective of that fine system. The same progressive tradition of speed with safety is fully maintained by the Great Western's successor, the Western Region of British Railways. It has made considerable strides in its first major dieselisation scheme, which entails the elimination of steam services west of Newton Abbot, with certain through services from the West of England and Bristol being worked to and from Paddington by express diesel locomotives. Eventually the 289 steam locomotives now operating in this area will be replaced by 146 diesel locomotives. It is now just over two years since work began on this ambitious plan and progress within that comparatively short period of time has been remarkable.

Recently, through the courtesy of the Running and Maintenance Officer, I was invited to travel on the footplate of the latest D 800 "Warship" class of express diesel engine, between London and Penzance. This class of engine is remarkable insofar as it weighs only about 78 tons, yet develops 2,200 horse power. So exemplary a high power-to-weight ratio has been achieved by the use of stressed skin construction, by means of which the superstructure bears a considerable portion of the weight of the locomotive. It is an adaptation of the German Federal Railways' V 200 express locomotive and is fitted with two Maybach M.D. 650 engines driving through two Maybach Mekydro type K 104 diesel hydraulic transmissions, each connected through a cardan shaft to its appropriate diesel engine. The advantages of such a locomotive do not have to be stressed, because by virtue of its light weight, between 40 and 50 tons is saved in comparison with the weight of a more conventional design of diesel locomotive of the same power. A saving, incidentally, that is the equivalent of the weight of a modern passenger carriage.

The train chosen for the journey was the "Cornish Riviera Express" leaving Paddington at 10.30 a.m. and running non-stop to Plymouth, 225¾ miles in four hours. From Plymouth on to Penzance, a distance of 79½ miles, the schedule is considerably slower because of the heavy gradients in Cornwall and the need for an overall maximum speed of 60 miles an hour. There are many sharp curves and steep winding descents. Two hours and twenty minutes are allowed for the remainder of the journey and the train arrives at Penzance at 4.55 p.m. Precisely to the minute, No. D 801 "Vanguard" left for the West of England, hauling a load of 395 tons. Driver F. Thomas of Laira Shed at Plymouth was in charge, with H. Hockedy as his "fireman." Also travelling on the footplate was Inspector A. C. Darrall-Smith, one of the Headquarters Running Inspectors responsible for passing out drivers and firemen.

Although he was trained in steam, Inspector Darrall-Smith is an enthusiastic supporter of the diesels and possesses an expert knowledge of their operation. At the moment, pending certain slight modifications of a purely technical nature to these locomotives, they are limited to a maximum speed of 80 miles an hour, although of course capable of far higher speeds. This temporary maximum of 80 miles an hour means exceptionally consistent running and intelligent handling of the locomotive is necessary if time is to be kept. Throughout the entire journey to Plymouth, this consistency in performance was truly remarkable, for at no time was the engine stressed, and at all points, including the long ascents to Savernake Junction, Whiteball Tunnel at the top of Wellington Bank, as well as the far harder climbs to Dainton Summit with its tremendous gradient of 1 in 37½, and Rattery with equally severe gradients, which are situated beyond Newton Abbot, it was working well within the limits of its power.

The "Cornish Riviera" runs along the line by the sea at Teignmouth in Devon

Savernake, 70 miles from Paddington, was passed in exactly 67 minutes, Westbury, 95½ miles, in 88 minutes. Mile after mile down the long descent from Savernake to Westbury was covered at a speed of 80 miles an hour and this speed was never exceeded. Taunton, 142¾ miles, was passed in 130 minutes, and Exeter, 173¾ miles, in 167 minutes. Undoubtedly the most outstanding feature of the journey was the ease with which "Vanguard" recovered from severe permanent way checks. For instance, at mile post 184 (this is the mile post reading on the old main line *via* Bristol) a restriction of 5 miles an hour was in force over a small bridge under repair, which Driver Thomas scrupulously observed. From Exeter, the main line passes along the beautiful South Devon coast, and the scenery near Dawlish and Teignmouth is some of the loveliest in England. Fortunately no greater speed than 45 miles per hour is permitted on this section of the line, and Driver Thomas, who was running slightly ahead of time, took the train at rather less than this speed.

A remarkable instance of the amazing power reserve of the engine was particularly noticeable at Newton Abbot. This busy junction lies close to the foot of the famous Dainton incline, and practically all trains to the West of England have to stop there for a banking engine to give them assistance over the summit. Even the immensely powerful "King" class steam locomotives are limited to taking 365 tons over Dainton and Rattery.

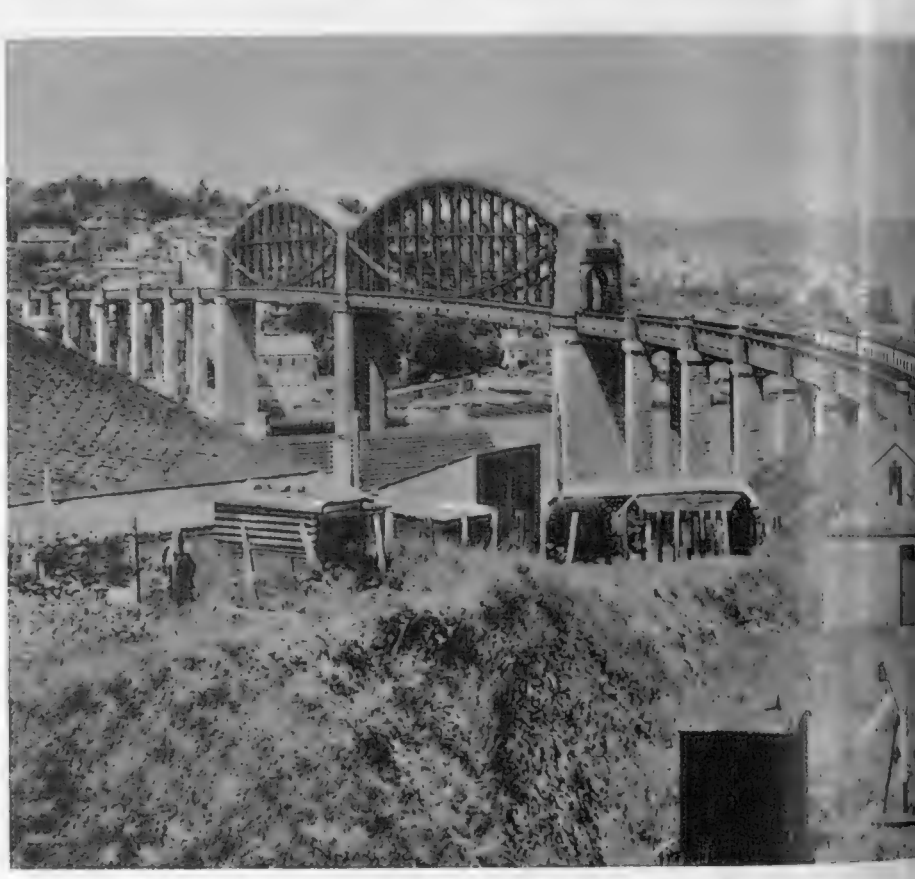
(Continued on following pages)

The Royal Albert Bridge seen from the train after rounding the bend at Saltash

The diesel engine " Vanguard " at the start of the journey at Paddington

The express goes up the steep gradient of Dainton Bank, in Devonshire

Over the Thames at Maidenhead. This is another picture taken from the train on the journey fro



From Cornwall into Devon. The " Cornish Riviera " comes off the east end of the Royal Albert

BY DIESEL TO THE WEST COUNTRY

(Continued from previous page)

The diesel, however, is permitted a load of 400 tons and this alone means the saving of an engine travelling through to Plymouth. Right at the top of Dainton the diesel was working at its peak capacity, but it took the " Riviera " past the signal box which marks the end of the climb, where the maximum gradient is 1 in 36, at a speed of close on 20 miles an hour. It gave an equally fine performance on the severe grades of Rattery.

Shortly before Plymouth there was another extremely bad permanent way check, where the line was being relaid on Hemerdon Incline. This lasted for over a mile, which meant that with the previous check at mile post 184 the driver had lost at least eight minutes running time at both places, in each case due to no fault of his own. Nevertheless, the " Cornish Riviera " drew into Plymouth at exactly 2.25 p.m.—five minutes early.

Advantages of diesel traction were clearly observed at Plymouth where already the " push and pull " steam trains that run between there and Saltash in Cornwall are rapidly being superseded by light modern diesel three-car units, several of which were standing in the platforms. They are clean, attractive, and already very well patronised. Eventually, as has been said, steam will disappear entirely from Plymouth and work is well advanced on the large new depot now being built, close to Laira Engine Shed, for the maintenance and servicing of diesel locomotives and diesel sets. The general usefulness of the D 800 class of locomotive was also most marked at Plymouth Station, for previously the large " King " class engines which were used on the " Cornish Riviera Express " had to come off the train, as they are not permitted to cross the Royal Albert Bridge or run on the Cornish main line owing to their weight.

A change of engine at Plymouth was therefore always necessary, and normally a " Castle " class engine would have taken the train on to Penzance. This engine turn has now been rendered unnecessary because the D 800's, with their remarkable route availability, can run right through to Penzance with a change of driver and fireman. Driver W. Bright and his fireman C. Symons, both of Laira Shed, took charge of the train, and with a reduced load of 316 tons the " Riviera " left promptly at 2.35 p.m. for Penzance.

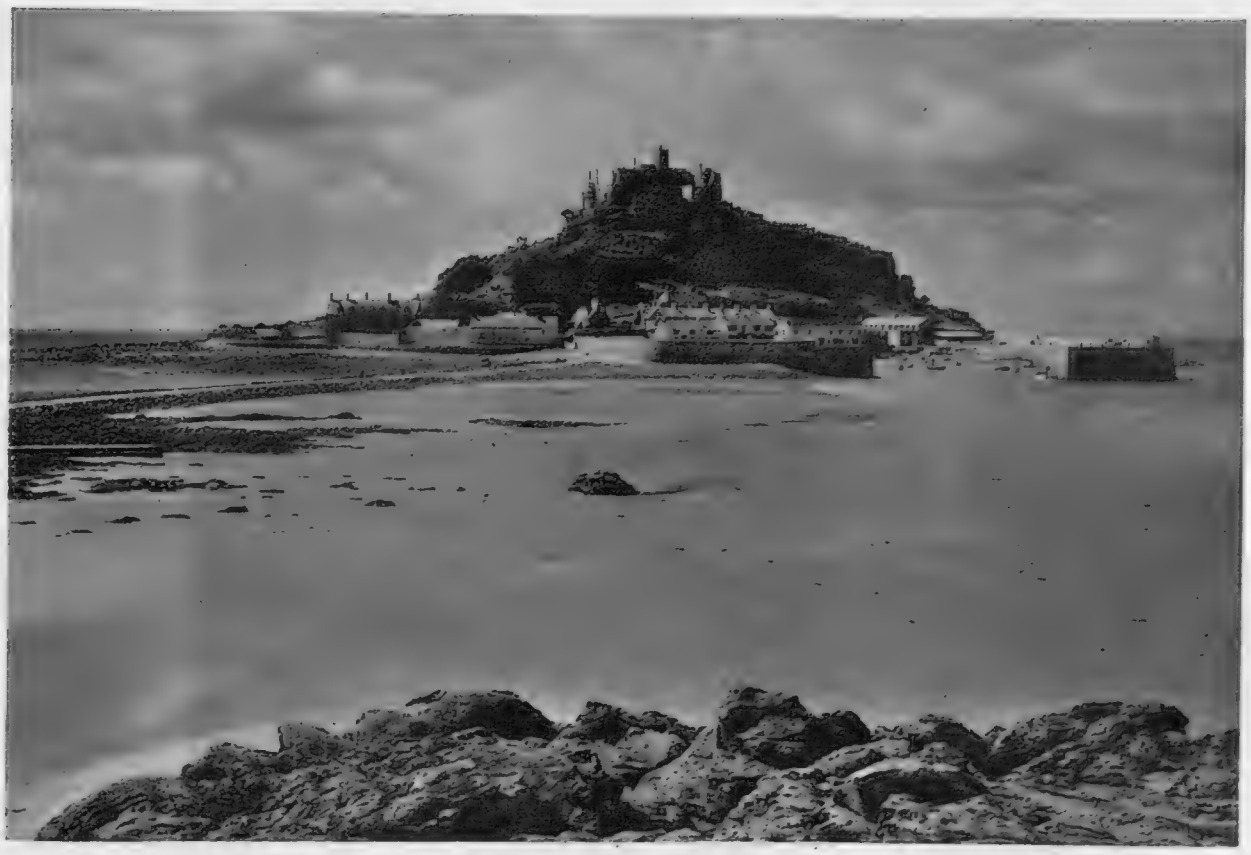
Speed over the Royal Albert Bridge was kept to the strictly enforced limit of 15 miles per hour, but the moment the train was clear of Saltash Station, where one of the new diesel trains stood ready to leave for Plymouth, Driver Bright notched up his engine for the climb to Liskeard. From this point to Penzance, the marked superiority of a diesel engine over steam was more apparent than ever. Gone was the loud exhaust of even a " Castle " in first-class order as the diesel hauled the express up the many ascents that lie between Plymouth and Penzance. In its place was the scarcely audible beat of the diesel's engines as it climbed every hill without the slightest sign of stress, and at each station it passed it was either dead on schedule or had a minute or two in hand.

Speed down the beautiful Glynn Valley, which looked incredibly lovely under a clear blue sky, with the River Fowey far below us, was always slightly under 60 miles per hour, for there was not the slightest

Paddington to Penzance

The main line at Dawlish. The use of diesels on the trains means householders are no longer bothered by smoke and grime

ridge en route for Paddington



Journey's end. St. Michael's Mount is passed and Penzance will be reached in three minutes

need to make up any lost time by unduly fast downhill running. The same extraordinary steadiness was maintained right through to Penzance, even the severe climb up to Truro or the hard one to St. Erth failing to disturb driver Bright's record of punctuality. Occasionally at one of the four scheduled stops at Par, Truro, Gwinear Road or St. Erth, the "Riviera" even arrived a minute or so early.

Just as Driver Bright's watch showed 4.50 p.m., the romantic shape of St. Michael's Mount loomed up out of a heat haze, then at 4.53 p.m., two minutes early, the "Cornish Riviera Express" reached journey's end at Penzance Station. Within a few minutes "Vanguard" helped to take the empty train out for servicing, then proceeded light to Long Rock Servicing Depot, where she was checked for fuel consumption and two expert fitters gave her a comprehensive check over. That morning when she left for Penzance, she carried 750 gallons of fuel in her tanks, and of this amount 350 had been used between Paddington and Penzance. She was filled right up to capacity and by 6.30 p.m., "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," was proceeding back to Penzance to take the 7 p.m. up Travelling Post Office express train right through to Paddington, where she arrived at 3.55 a.m. next morning. Her final turn of duty started at 8.45 a.m. when she hauled the crack "Bristolian" express from Paddington to Bristol, 118¼ miles in 105 minutes,

As she came to a stand at Bristol, she had thus covered 738 miles in 24 hours with a total fuel consumption of some 800 gallons. With the price of diesel fuel at 1s. 0⅛d. a gallon, this works out at a cost of £40 for 738 miles. Four steam engines would have been needed to do the same mileage, and assuming they hauled trains at a similar high speed, they would have burnt close on 16 tons of coal costing £5 7s. 7d. a ton at the pithead, which means slightly over £86. This comparison in operational overheads shows the valuable economies which can be achieved by the use of high-efficiency diesel locomotives.

Admittedly, the D 800 "Warship" class cost approximately three times as much as a "Castle" class steam locomotive, but this extra capital investment is considerably offset by the fact that countless man-power hours are saved, since washing-out boilers, cleaning tubes, and firegrates and disposal of dust-bearing clinker become things of the past. Water troughs, with their attendant costly softening equipment, are also rendered unnecessary. Cleanliness, alone, seems to justify the use of diesels, and the comments of passengers who use the West of England services represent invaluable publicity, for they, the passengers, appreciate the absence of smuts and smoke and enjoy the spotless condition of compartments and restaurant cars.

There are twenty-eight of these fine diesel "Warship" class engines at present in service with more following, and the majority of main line trains between Paddington and the West of England and Bristol are now hauled by them. West of Plymouth, most expresses and local trains are headed by 1,000-h.p. diesels, built by the North British Locomotive Company, working either as a single unit or in pairs. These engines are rapidly entering service and proving satisfactory. The Western Region has every right to be proud of the contribution it has made within the last two years towards travel in the most modern conditions.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE DECLINE OF FARM GATES

If you ever look closely at the field gates on farms one thing must strike you at once, and that is how few farmers care for their field gates. How often do you see one freshly painted? How often do you see one painted at all? This general lack of care was borne in on me afresh and most forcibly the other day, when I came across a farm in Oxfordshire on which all the field gates had been newly painted white. The effect was startling: the whole farm, just because of those white gates, looked trim and tailored. I found myself looking for painted field gates for the rest of the day, and have to report that I did not see one. And yet, uncared for, there stand the gates: some of them, if you examine them closely, fifty years and more old.

It is easy to recognise these old gates. First of all, they are fashioned of split timber: modern gates are, almost invariably, made of sawn wood—probably invariably: at least, I have not myself seen one that was not. Now there is a distinct and important difference between split (or riven) timber and sawn wood, a difference which nowadays few people understand. In ordinary commercial use to-day, the word " timber " just means sawn wood in ready-made widths—¾ in., 1 in., 1½ in. and so on—and it is ordered, ready-made, as " shelfing," " battens," " boards," " quartering " and so forth. Wood as a texture with grain is rarely considered nowadays. For many things this does not matter. Sawn wood is perfectly suitable for a great many purposes: for some it is quite unsuitable.

A good example of this is to be found in the ordinary clothes-peg. How often have you found a wooden peg, bought in a shop, splitting and falling apart the first or second time that it is used on damp clothes? The reason for this is that it is made from sawn wood and turned out the wrong way of the grain. The genuine gipsy peg, being made of cleft timber, will last a life-time. It is for precisely this reason, that they were fashioned originally from naturally riven timber, that antique chairs and tables, no matter how finely turned, have had such a long and useful life.

Almost all the modern field-gates are made of sawn wood, for they are bought ready-made; few farms have their own workshops and village carpenters are not as common as once they were. They undoubtedly look much neater with their straight trim lines than the old cleft oak gates. There can be no doubt that if the wood is well-seasoned, although it is by no means easy to find well-seasoned wood nowadays, and well-selected, and if it is given a coat of paint every other year, the sawn gate will last for an astonishing time.

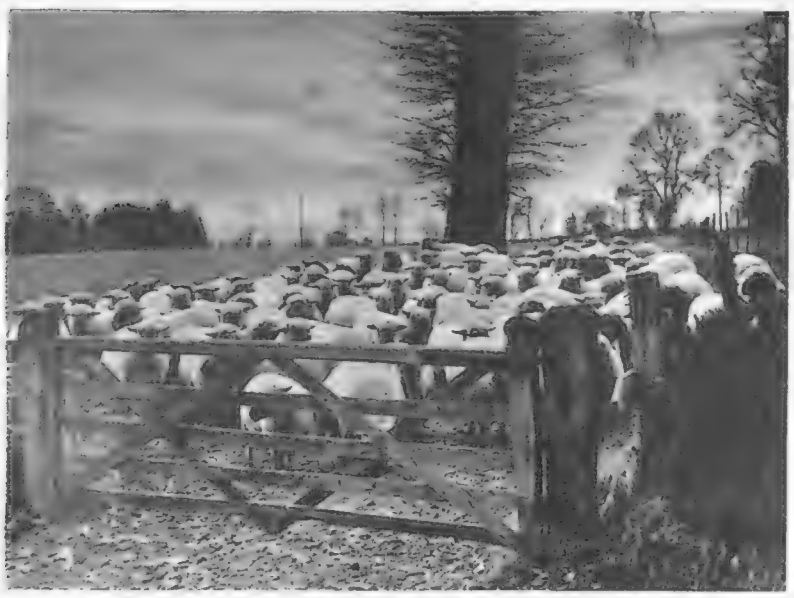
But have a look at the bottom rails of sawn field gates, particularly those near farmsteads or those giving access to roads, and notice how many are split just about at the centre of their length. This is because farmworkers use them for scraping the mud of the fields from their boots. Now have a look at the bottom rails of the old cleft oak gates situated near farmsteads or giving access to roads: they may be so thin from years of constant scraping that they are worn almost in two, but there will not be a sign of a split. Timber which is allowed to follow its grain in splitting will not split again. Moreover, it will not soak up the rain because it is the smooth lengths of the fibres which are exposed by splitting and not the porous ends as is the case with sawn wood. In the open air the life of cleft timber is many times that of sawn wood.

It is easy to recognise the old gates because there is an unmistakable " home-made " look about them. They were home-made! That is to say, they were made by village carpenters, all the work—planing, morticing, tenoning and the fitting in of the rails—being done by hand. Making one of these old field gates was considered to be a day's work for a qualified carpenter: but they worked longer hours in those days. The large-headed nails, which are so noticeable a feature of these old cleft oak gates, each nail long enough to provide a large clinch behind, were also hand-made. So were the gate hooks and thimbles (the bottom hook and thimble longer than the top ones): all these were made by the village smith.

There is, you will see, a language of gates. The horizontal bars are properly called rails. Diagonal bars (not all field gates have them) are called braces. Uprights on the gate itself are called slats, but the big upright near the gate-post is known as the " harr " and the smaller upright at the other end as the head. All these terms are self-explanatory except " harr "; and I have never met anyone who could give me the derivation of that. Hooks and thimbles are the hinges. The hooks are driven into the gate-post and the thimbles into the " harr." To both hooks and thimbles the smith welded thin flanges of iron (called wings) with holes in them for nailing them to the post and the " harr " to strengthen them. You will also notice that the top rail in these old cleft gates is a good deal thicker than the others and also that it is made wider at the hinged end. This was done in order to give additional strength at the point where the strain was greatest. Because these old field gates were made by village carpenters they differ widely in design; not from village to village but from region to region.

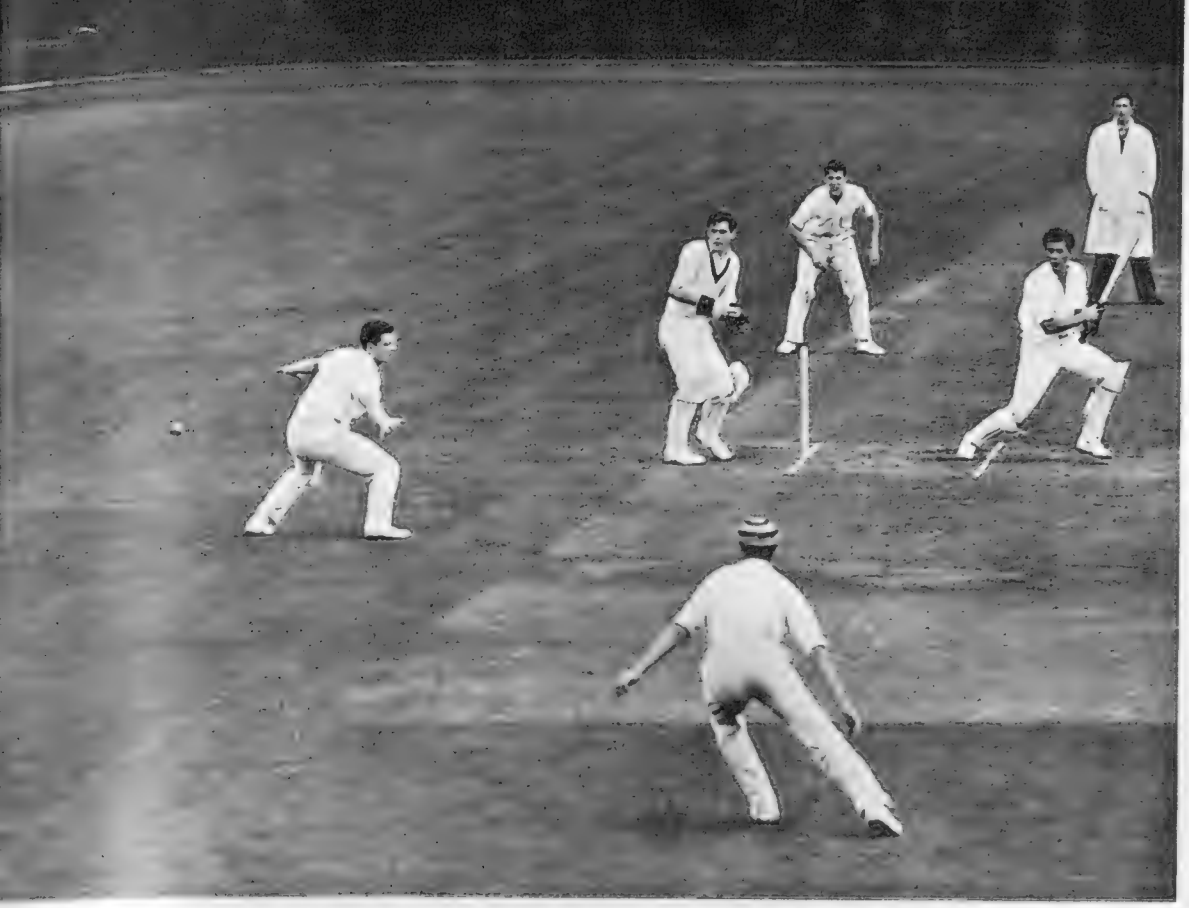
The common design in the West Country had no slats but four braces, two running down from " harr " and head to meet at the centre of the bottom rail and two running up to meet at the centre of the top rail. The common south country design had a central slat from the top of which braces ran down to the foot of " harr " and head. You will sometimes see this design reversed in East Anglia, the braces running from the foot of the central slat to the top of " harr " and head. In Buckinghamshire the old field gates have three slats towards the head end of the gate with a brace running from the foot of the " harr " to the top of the slat nearest the head; never actually to the head. Sometimes, you will get surprises. Not long ago I found a little colony of Buckinghamshire gates in Devon, and on enquiry found that the carpenter (not long dead) had been a Buckinghamshire man, who had settled in his wife's village.

In some parts of Britain wood was not sufficiently plentiful to allow of wooden field gates. The Lleyn Peninsula is a good example. Here you will find iron field gates: the old ones are among the most beautiful field gates to be found anywhere in Britain, many decorated with the most wonderful twirls and whorls. The Lleyn Peninsula must once have been a paradise for blacksmiths. Strangely enough, this is one part of Britain where you will find the old field gates cared for. It is rare to find one that does not open easily, and many are gaily painted. But I saw a new gate being put up of sawn wood and factory-made. I have a feeling that gate will never be painted.

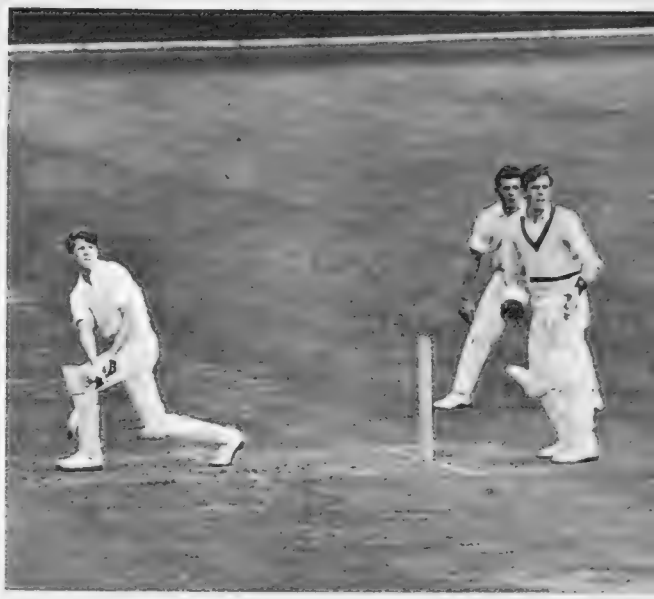


A field gate on a farm near Langport in Dorset

A gate on a farm at Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire, made of used horseshoes



Radley's captain, I. L. J. Stevens, hits a four during his innings of 27



H. C. S. Falkner (Radley) plays to leg

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

ST. EDWARD'S v. RADLEY

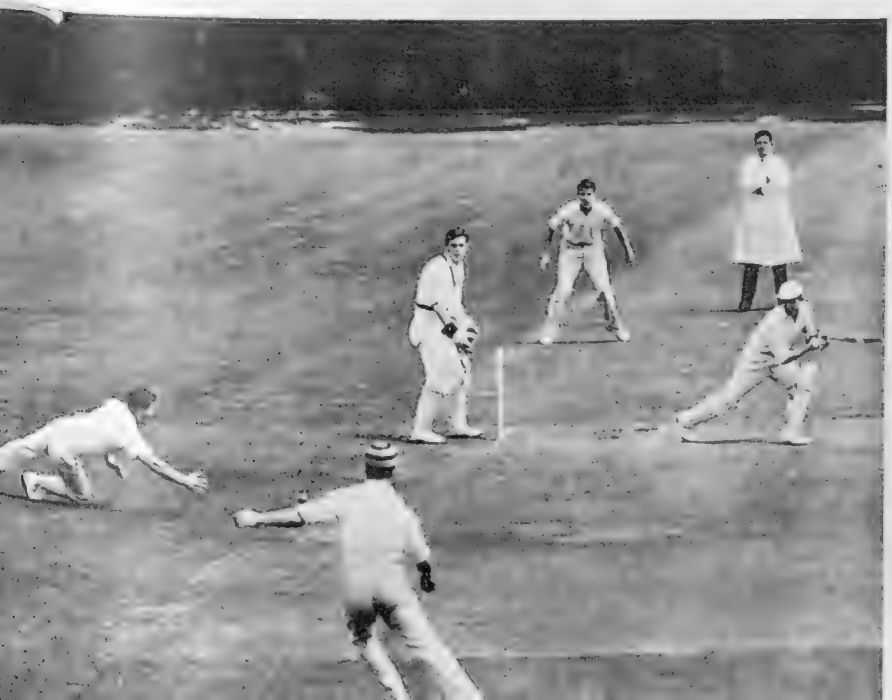
A break of about an hour because of rain cheated St. Edward's of victory over Radley in their match at Oxford on July 9. But for the time lost St. Edward's would have won, and Radley would have suffered their first defeat in a school match for some years.

Radley won the toss, and elected to bat on a damp wicket. Their openers started shakily, and managed to put up only 24 runs. St. Edward's began to dominate the play with tight bowling and fielding, but three Radley stalwarts prevented a collapse. The captain, I. L. J. Stevens, scored 27, while D. B. Stewart-Morgan and D. A. Sheffield hit 32 and 35 respectively. With the Radley score at 113 for seven, the rain set in. After the delay they continued to bat, but only took their score to 145 before they were all out. When St. Edward's began their innings it was 5.10 p.m. They opened almost as weakly as Radley, losing one wicket for 11, and the second at 31. But P. C. H. Wood, and their captain, J. F. Bailey, speeded up the rate of scoring until it looked as though St. Edward's might win. R. F. Eliot, one of the team who played last year for Radley, bowled Bailey when he had made 65. This was a fine innings, with Bailey taking the initiative from the bowlers, until Eliot finally broke his wicket. St. Edward's had scored a further seven runs, for the loss of one more wicket, when stumps were drawn. Their total was 102 for four and the match ended, disappointingly, in a draw.

D. B. Stewart-Morgan hits to the boundary. He scored 32. **Below:** R. J. Thomas, also of Radley, gives a chance to the St. Edward's slips

St. Edward's, playing at home, take the field at the start of the match

D. A. Sheffield (Radley) sweeps a ball to leg for four



GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The decision of the Royal Thames Y.C. to use a committee vessel again instead of the transit starting line of the Royal London for their regatta in Cowes Week on Sunday (already tried in the last two years), is a popular one with all competitors. It enables the race committee to set much better courses according to the prevailing wind and certainly avoids the crowding of craft at the rocks off the Squadron, which so often happens in sou'westerly weather. On the other hand, the many onlookers who usually gather under the Squadron guns will not get such a good view. In yacht racing, however, it is only right to consider the competitors first and the spectators second. This year the committee vessel will be the 31-ton ketch *Tirrenia II*, owned by the vice-commodore, Major C. J. P. Ball, D.S.O., M.C.

The largest entry in the whole week is for the Queen's Cup, newly introduced by the Royal Southampton Y.C. for their regatta this Saturday. Over seventy yachts are entered for this race which is open for cruising vessels of over 16-ft. rating. Entries for the other principal events are no doubt affected by the absence of a Fastnet Race. This always reduces the number of foreign entries. Thus the numbers are down for the Britannia Cup, from forty-five last year to thirty-four on Tuesday, and for the New York Yacht Club Cup, from the same number to twenty-nine on Thursday. On the other hand there is an increase of entries for the Vanity Cup from thirty-four to fifty. This can be interpreted as a general sign of the trend of our time as this race is for the smaller handicap class.

There is nothing one can do about the disappearance of the Six metres; although some of their keenest supporters have put up a spirited rearguard fight in the last few years, their passing was inevitable. There are no 5·5 metres racing either and this I find much more lamentable. How can we expect to do well in international events when one of the Olympic classes is, for all intents and purposes non-existent in this country? This leaves the Dragons as the only Olympic keelboat class which is regularly raced and flourishing in Britain. Dragons will again have some excellent racing in Cowes Week, as they do elsewhere where fleets are established, but nevertheless our Dragons don't seem to shine internationally these days.

The revival of interest in the Twelve metres more than makes up for the lack of Sixes and 5·5's. If all goes well seven of these exquisite boats will be racing when *Sceptre* joins the fleet, having sailed down from the Clyde. There are races given for the class every day except the two Sundays. Admittedly, they are a somewhat mixed collection, only three of them *Flica II*, *Norsaga* and *Sceptre* are pure and unadulterated, the others could not be measured as true Twelves. All the same, the owners decided earlier that they should all race level. One would have thought that some form of not too rigid handicapping would have made it more interesting for the others when they stand very little chance of ever beating their " pure " sisters boat for boat.

The Royal Patron of Cowes Week, Prince Philip, can spare only two days for actual racing this year. He will arrive on Tuesday and leave in *Britannia* on Thursday. On Wednesday evening he will preside over the Council meeting of the R.Y.A. to be held on board the Royal yacht. No official plans are known, but I expect to see the heir to the throne taking part in the racing as well.

At Cowes Week last year, the start of the Festival of Britain Cup—foreground is *Rummer*

Also at Cowes last year, *Fandango* and *Severn* racing in the Britannia Cup

Colonel P. G. Wreford-Brown the Secretary of the club

Alan Waters, the professional

Driving over the " pond " at the 10th, a 138 yard hole

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

WORPLESDON

Lieut.-Colonel A. O. Dennistoun, the club captain; Mr. W. R. Carr; Mr. H. B. Vertue, last year's captain

Mr. L. Thompson, Mr. J. L. Stanton, Colonel J. Hulme-Taylor, and Mr. A. S. M. Hetherington

The club, situated in Surrey not far from Woking, is famous for the Mixed Foursomes tournament held every year in October. It is a sign of how much times have changed in the last fifty years. When the club was formed in 1908, no welcome was extended to women. Even after they were permitted, following the 1914-1918 War, to enter through the main entrance, a notice was put up—" Ladies are requested not to loiter in the passage, but to proceed to their objectives without delay." Like neighbouring courses in Surrey, Worplesdon has the typical landscape of the area, a sandy soil covered with heather and fir trees. The holes were laid out by J. F. Abercromby and have remained much the same.

Perhaps the 4th is the first of those typical of the course. It needs a spoon or iron shot up to a plateau green, in front of the club house windows. The green looks flatter than it is and is very deceptive. The following hole needs a drive carefully aimed between heather on the right of the fairway and a bunker on the left towards a green well guarded by grassy ridges and hollows. Longest of the holes is the 11th—520 yards, and the round ends with two testing holes of 400 yards and 438 yards respectively. The total length is 6,204 yards and the Standard Scratch Score 71.

Next in this series will be Parkstone Golf Club, in our issue of August 6

Mr. R. Chettle, Mr. D. W. Frame, Mr. E. P. Gray, and Colonel P. Booth

Mr. C. T. Digby-Jones, Mr. A. Justice, Mr. W. Frame, and Mr. D. Paterson

TRAVEL

HOLIDAYS IN THE AUTUMN

By GORDON COOPER

The special attractions of an autumnal holiday are that you escape from the dense High Season crowds of holidaymakers in July and August, with a consequent better service in the hotels, and that you are less likely to experience great heat. September is an entrancing month in which to get away from home, while even October can be pleasant, although you require to be selective in your choice of a resort, for in many parts of Europe this month can bring uncertain weather.

If you should choose September for your holiday month, then you might, as I intend doing, visit the Costa Brava in Spain. All the resorts there are pleasant, with a special mention of the Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro. I think the nearby Balearics should also be satisfying at this time of year, and Palma, the lively capital of Majorca, would be my choice. Elsewhere in Spain, I once explored Galicia in the autumn. Perhaps I was fortunate in my weather, for this province can be showery, but it is rewarding for those who wish to get off the beaten track. Santillana de Compostela is an especially attractive centre. In addition to its fascination as a medieval national monument (including an outstanding cathedral), there is its remarkable Hotel de los Reyes Catolicos, housed in the 15th-century building that was once a royal palace. From Santillana de Compostela, interesting excursions can be made to Coruña, Pontevedra, Lugo and Orense.

In France, the French Riviera has a renewed life in the autumn, but it tends to become rather overcrowded. Recently, however, I discovered some delightful spots in Brittany where September holidays can be recommended. They are Sables d'Or-les-Pins (HOTEL DIANE *recommended*), where there is a most glorious beach and pine forests offering delightful walks; Aber-Wrach (Hotel Baie des Anges has a Michelin star) in Finistère, and a true escapist corner; and Bénodet Grand Hotel situated on a lovely estuary. Sea-food in all its forms is a speciality of this part of France, while some interesting Pardons can still be seen, notably at Le Folgoët (September 8).

Switzerland also provides opportunities for excellent late holidays. My own selections include Vevey, Locarno and nearby Fasano, Lugano, and Lucerne. There is nothing in Europe to better the sense of all-round comfort of staying in a well-found Swiss resort.

Further north, in Germany, I recommend a holiday in the Black Forest, where Fribourg, Freudenstadt and Baden-Baden are the chief resorts, but as the chief magic of this area lies in its woodland walks I would prefer to recommend one or other of the smaller villages: Hinterzarten (HOTEL ADLER *recommended*), Dobel (HOTEL FUNK *recommended*), and Herrenalb (MONCH'S POSTHOTEL *recommended*). Another suggestion is a holiday beside Lake Constance, whence from the German resorts you get a glorious panoramic view across the water of the Swiss Alps. Lindau is a very pleasant spot, and it also offers a gambling casino, while for those who prefer a quieter and more typical town I can recommend Meersburg, famous for its local wines. Remember, too, that September and October are the months for many attractive wine festivals, notably on the Rhine and along the Moselle. So if you would like to join in these festivities, it is well worth asking the German Tourist Office (6, Vigo Street, London, W.1) for a list of dates. One final suggestion for Germany: a holiday in Berlin, perhaps the most vital city in Europe to-day, offering a wide variety of entertainments and air that is bracing. I think it would be my own personal choice.

In Austria wintry conditions often come early, but for an autumnal holiday you are safe to choose one or other of the Carinthian warm-water lakes. As good a place as any is Poertschach on the Woerthersee, where you can bathe comfortably until October. I like, too, its pleasant Hotel Prüller which lies beside the lake. Vienna and Innsbruck are both cities which attract me at any time of the year, and I return to them again and again with never-failing zest.

Italy offers comfortable conditions for sightseeing in the autumn; during the summer the heat can make this form of activity a purgatory. Consider then one or other of the great art cities: Rome, Florence, Siena, and the smaller towns of Tuscany and Umbria. Perugia (HOTEL LA ROSETTA *recommended*) is a superb base from which to make excursions into the latter province. For those who would like to get off the beaten track, I suggest a holiday either in Sardinia or in Apulia. Lecce (HOTEL JOLLY) is an enchanting city, but as a base for some most rewarding excursions I prefer Bari (HOTEL NAZIONI)—although it is in itself not particularly attractive, it is a lively port. From it you can easily visit the wonderful Norman cathedrals of Apulia and the glorious castles of that amazing ruler Frederick II of Hohenstaufen. This corner of Italy always fascinates me. For island-lovers, I always recommend Ischia where there is now a new Jolly hotel: Grand Hotel delle Terme; and for those who like to bask in luxury there is the Hotel Regina Isabella in Lacco Ameno; it is a quite fabulous establishment, provides spa treatment, but is by no means inexpensive.

Yugoslavia is a holiday country which appeals greatly to some people, but not to others. I fortunately come into the first category, and my first choice would be the island of Korcula, which lies between Split and Dubrovnik; its climate is said to rival that of Madeira. Dubrovnik is pleasant for a late holiday and possesses two good first-class hotels.

Finally, a few words about that coming holiday land: Greece. Here, Athens is an obvious first selection, for apart from its own intrinsic appeal it is an excellent base from which to make fascinating excursions. Nearly all the great classical sites, in fact, lie within reasonably easy reach, and if you are interested in archæology there is opportunity to explore these places at leisure, without being disturbed by the mass-crowds of rubber-neck tourists. I think, too, that Rhodes would be a pleasant spot for a *dolce far niente* holiday, and it can be easily reached from Athens by air. Should you seek a smaller island, there is Mykonos (a few hours by steamer from Piraeus), where is the particularly pleasant waterside Hotel Lito.

Perugia on its precipitous hill in Umbria

MICHELIN GREEN GUIDES

Just as the old-time Baedeker was considered an essential part of the equipment of a traveller in more leisurely days, so to-day, with our modern speed, we turn to the excellent and most accurate Michelin Green Guides. All the interesting parts of France are covered by these excellent publications, but as a convenience to English readers certain titles are now available in translation. They include Brittany, Paris, French Alps, Châteaux of the Loire, Côte d'Azur, and the Pyrenees. I use these books frequently, and rely on them for accuracy and comprehensiveness. Incidentally, there are also English editions covering Italy and Switzerland. All are published by the News Chronicle Book Department, and are on sale at most good booksellers.

MELTING THE ICE

Recently a boarding group of U.S. Coast Guard officers of the Ice Patrol carried out a series of tests from the Oceanographic vessel *Evergreen* on icebergs floating in Cape Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland. The first series of tests on a number of grounded bergs used detonation charges of thermite, placed in holes bored into the ice. Thermite is a mixture of powdered aluminium and iron oxide, and is an incendiary charge. When it burns it can produce a temperature of 4,000 degs. Fah., and molten iron is released which acts as a heat reservoir for the combustion of the other materials. Ignited on ice, thermite produces an explosion of steam and hot molten iron. The theory of using thermite was that the high-temperature explosion would produce a thermal shock wave that could fracture the iceberg along its planes of natural stress. This would cause the ice to crumble and melt faster than normal. But 12 hours after detonating a total charge of 168 lb. of thermite on a 150-ft.-long berg, the only sign of the explosion was a small shallow crater, filled with melting ice. A different method which was then tried with some success by the Ice Patrol was as follows; half of an iceberg was covered with lamp blacking, on the theory that the carbon, retaining the heat of the sun, would hasten the melting of the ice.

On an iceberg in Cape Bonavista Bay, a U.S. Coast Guard boarding group explodes a thermite charge

Members of the Ice Patrol pay out a detonation cable from their lifeboats

Boring a hole to take the charges. Behind is the U.S.C.G.C. *Evergreen*

In another experiment, half the iceberg is covered with lamp blacking

The detonated thermite made only a small crater

BOOKS

THE EMINENT DR. ARNOLD

H. E. Bates's third book about the Larkins; L. P. Hartley's new novel; and other fiction

Some figures of the past are so firmly linked with the places where their most spectacular activities took place that one is apt to think of them as having that kind of title, thus Raffles of Singapore, or Dr. Arnold of Rugby. A new biography of the Doctor, THOMAS ARNOLD (Cresset Press. 25s.), however, reminds us that his work and contemporary fame was by no means confined to the school over which he presided—from the very young age of thirty-three, incidentally—but that he was also a militant and highly articulate churchman and a social reformer whose name was constantly before the public. It seems, too, that eager though he was to bring about the reform of public school organisation, it would by no means be true to say that Rugby was an insignificant school at the time of his election to the headmastership and a distinguished school at the time of his death in his forty-seventh year.

"The ironic thing," writes Mr. T. W. Bamford, "is that the mind of this man, usually considered to be the greatest of headmasters, was really interested fundamentally in the world outside the Close." It was a period, the 1830's and 1840's, when religious controversy was raging in England. Where the battle of words was at its hottest, there Arnold was to be found, fighting Newman and the Tractarians. "He was naturally in extremes," wrote the *Edinburgh Review*, thoughtfully and fairly moderately, after his death, and to confirm the author's own view that contrariness was the very essence of Arnold, he quotes a contemporary as saying: "Arnold was a very Ishmael in his opinions, his hand against everyone, and utterly without reverence for what was time-honoured." Certainly Arnold took a poor view of what he called the wickedness of young boys but that boy's epitaph of him still echoes: "A beast, but a just beast." This biography does a great deal of what an ideal biography should do, in fact. It provokes, it stimulates, it surprises and it leaves the reader with a vivid, living portrait.

The first of this week's rich list of novels is Mr. H. E. Bates's third and final volume in the saga of the irrepressible Larkin family. WHEN THE GREEN WOODS LAUGH (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is nevertheless a delight and worthily to be ranked with *The Darling Buds of May*, that preposterously gay and warm-blooded novel which had much the same effect as a bottle of champagne. Pop and Ma are still living in their beloved Kent. At the beginning of this particular story Pa does a good business deal by selling a rather decrepit big house which he had acquired as a speculation. The city couple who buy it are the very antithesis of the Larkins. They are childless, ambitious, joyless and, great heavens, they diet! Pa and Ma nevertheless take them in hand and although they don't have the same success with them as with the young tax collector who came to collect arrears and remained to marry their daughter and share their happy pagan life, they do make a certain amount of difference to their old way of living. Until, that is, Pa takes the lady to pick wild flowers and finds that her ideas of reasonable entertainment are rather more austere than his. Recommended, in a word, for your reading as a far more reliable way of enjoying a summer's day than tapping an unco-operative barometer.

FELIX LABISSE AND MAN RAY at Labisse's first one-man exhibition, at the Casino at Knocke-Le Zoute, in Belgium. The controversial French painter is an old friend of Man Ray, who, thirty years ago in the U.S., pioneered modern fashions in magazine photography. He is reported to have perfected a new colour printing system, which, it is hoped, is to be made available in the autumn

THE NUMBERED ACCOUNT (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is Miss Ann Bridge's new novel and it is an excellent example of that odd but palatable blend which she has made her own: the neatly constructed plot complete with well-mannered love affair, the whole deftly enclosed in a smooth case of guide-book and history-book facts. This is a far from banal method of writing a novel and one would have thought that it was far from being the cup of tea of the average fact-shy reader. But the result has a prim charm with the added gratification that one is really learning a great deal. And so one is. When I reflect how much good, solid information I have gleaned from the perfectly enjoyable

---

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S LETTERS

The correspondence of a Victorian poet

Edward Fitzgerald, "that idle fellow," in a sense seemed deliberately to stand aside from life in the security of his Woodbridge home, and yet he was a shining light of the age of Carlyle and Tennyson, and the brilliant translator of Omar Khayyám. The richness of his sequestered life has been admirably brought out by J. M. Cohen in the latest selected edition of the LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD (Centaur Press. 21s.); at every turn the paradox is there. The Suffolk scene and the East Anglian shore were Fitzgerald's greatest loves; whether he was admiring the orange marigolds in his garden for their colour (Irish and Spanish) and for their courage in living all winter through, snipping off dead roses, or listening to the winter moaning of the distant sea where in summer he was wont to take his pleasure messing about in boats and chatting over innumerable glasses of grog with his Lowestoft lugger captain. The paradox is always there, of being a part of life and yet aloof from it; at one moment Fitzgerald is urging his friend Edward Cowell to enter the educational hurly-burly by taking the chair of Sanskrit at Cambridge, then we find him, after a brief flurry of letter writing to his host of literary friends, back to the smaller world of his own choice. In these letters, spanning half a century, we have the true essence of Edward Fitzgerald, and in his last days the picture is of an old man who never allowed his life to get stale and who, at any rate for his friends, if not himself, saw a succession of new goals.

No more originally presented set of recipes can surely have been devised than those in THE FLAVOUR OF FRANCE (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.). This is the work of Samuel and Narcissa Chamberlain and their daughter Narcisse, and their method is to associate the landscape of France with its cooking. Thus on page 138 we are regaled with a magnificent view of the wooded hills near St. Nectaire in the Auvergne, and beneath it is a concise description of how to make Côtes de Porc à l'Auvergnate. The arched cliff at Etretat is accompanied by the necessary information to create fresh shrimp pâté, while the old town of Montbard summons up the know-how to serve a succulent dish of braised ham with mushroom sauce. The authors have no worry at all in justifying their method. The returned tourist, they say, "is as likely to refer to a French cathedral town as the one where we had that marvellous pâté en croute, as to quote its proper name." The claim is surely fair enough, and this delightful little volume is the acceptable result.

"He was a wily old devil, but not wily enough." That was the general verdict on Dr. Clements, the Southport murderer, who disposed of wives and lovers with astonishing precision. He signed death certificates for his nearest and dearest, once ordered a private post mortem and presented perhaps one of the most fascinating cases dealt with by J. B. Firth during his twenty years as Director of the North Western Forensic Science Laboratory of the Home Office. He recounts his experiences in his book A SCIENTIST TURNS TO CRIME (William Kimber. 25s.). Mrs. Merrifield, the poisoner, and the *Queen Elizabeth* fire, are other classic cases in Mr. Firth's often spine-chilling log.

Here are two additions to The World's Classics, both published by Oxford University Press at 8s. 6d. EAST AFRICAN EXPLORERS includes the journeyings of Livingstone and Stanley, Charles New among the Galla tribes, Burton, Speke and Grant's researches along the Nile, and Macdonald's survey for the Uganda railway. Charles Richards and James Place have combined to edit the writings of these great explorers, and they have certainly packed a host of purple passages into some 350 pages. CANADIAN SHORT STORIES are selected with an introduction by Robert Weaver, who explains that this task has so rarely been done before that he has no tradition either to follow or to explain away. What does emerge is the high standard of Canadian writing, and its strong and unmistakable flavour.

R. C. E.

reading of her books up to date I am as pleased with myself as I am grateful to the author.

This one takes Switzerland as its subject and has a more than usually adventurous plot as its motive power involving straight and crooked financial deals, the British Secret Service and thuglike emissaries of Foreign Powers. It is immensely readable—I found myself reading it until two in the morning and, after the first few gulps, the flavour of the historical, economical and social tidbits is very acceptable even when those same tidbits are most artlessly presented. The odd thing is that such interpolations are neither didactic nor boring. I can't think why not. Perhaps it is in that difference that Miss Bridge's real art lies. In any case, this is a very agreeable novel.

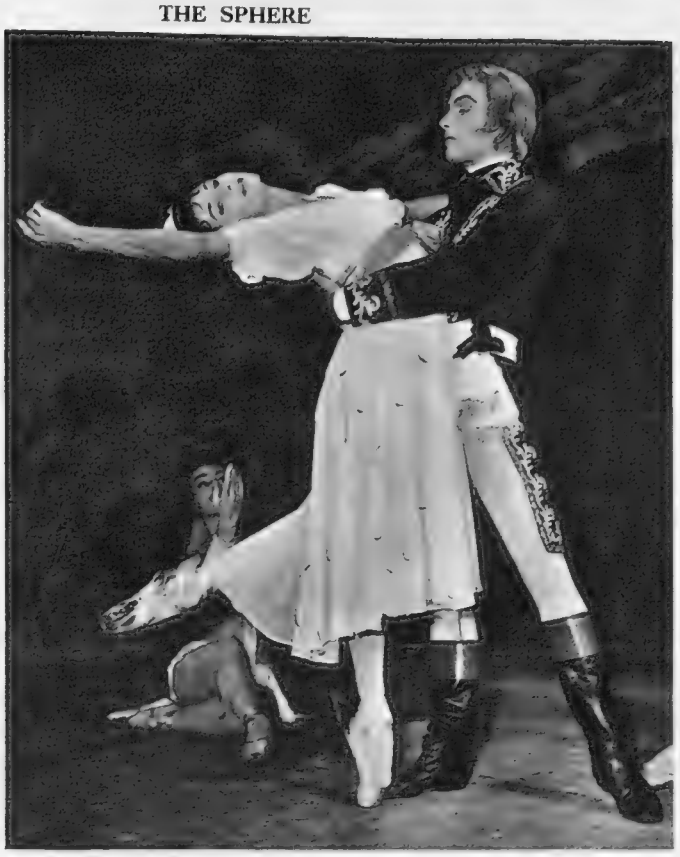
Mr. L. P. Hartley has written a novel set in what he depressingly calls " the not very distant future," when only a million English people have survived World War III, the English climate has been changed by the bombing to a perpetually grey March and a new state based on self-abasement and equality has been founded. Among the tenets of the state is one that holds that envy is the single cause of personal unhappiness and social friction. To deal with this, in at least one of its aspects, there has consequently been founded a Ministry of Facial Justice to which any girl may apply to be fitted with a new form of face, not to be chosen by her but to be impartially allotted. So, as the story opens, we meet two girls standing on the steps of this remarkable department, unkempt, dressed in sackcloth, referred to by numbers and listlessly quoting the required slogans but, nevertheless, because this, after all, is a novel by Mr. Hartley in spite of the grim turn of fantasy, behaving like real girls and not like robots. FACIAL JUSTICE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is, as you can imagine, an extraordinary book in the exact meaning of the word. It is also satirical, humorous and faintly alarming.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL (Gollancz. 16s.) is a collection of short stories, some of them very short indeed, by Miss Joan O'Donovan, and there is not one of them which fails to throw out some spark of light; some scintilla of that brilliant talent which is hers. Because Miss O'Donovan has a very real talent, contained, direct but sure. She is possibly at her best when writing about children and, in this book, I think that the first story, *Little Brown Jesus*, which is only about nine pages long and more of a sketch than a story, is the most faultless. She is capable in her spare and exquisite writing of recalling an image or setting a scene with such delicacy and strength that one is left breathless. All this without the destroying taint of " preciousness." Here is a writer to cherish.

Finally, a triple number of detective stories, beginning with Mr. Beverley Nichols' MURDER BY REQUEST (Hutchinson. 15s.), a suave and worldly story of violent death in an establishment devoted to the cheerless reduction of solid pounds of flesh; in other words an exclusive nursing home where people lose pounds and pounds—and pounds. There is something so benign in Mr. Nichols' style and so friendly in his exposition that it is sometimes hard to give one's mind unreservedly to thoughts of violence but his plot is hard enough, and his conclusions sharp enough to bring one to the point. Well observed and, in the end, quite startling.

Two books from the generous M. Simenon are DAME MAIGRET'S FRIEND (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) and THE CASE OF EMERGENCY (same publisher, same price). The first is a story of that inimitable French policeman and his largely intuitive solution of a murder case. The second, a slightly less attractive but compelling tale of a Paris lawyer and his mistress. Both are so brilliant as practically to be *hors concours*.

Vernon Fane



Marilyn Burr and John Gilpin in *Bonaparte à Nice (1796)*

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

at the Festival Hall

The opening night of the season saw the premiere in Britain of a new ballet by Serge Lifar—*Bonaparte à Nice (1796)*. It was devised so that the company might celebrate the centenary of the Union of Nice with the French Republic (which they did earlier in the year). The simple story tells how the young Napoleon disciplines the unruly troops, is imprisoned in an Orangery, woos Count Laurenti's daughter, and then leads his troops off to victory. Its virtue lies in the chance it gives John Gilpin to display his virtuoso technique. The other items of the programme of the opening night were *Les Sylphides* and *Graduation Ball*. This second ballet reveals the young company in all its strength, and is one of the most effervescent and happy works of the repertoire.

Princess Teo Xochitl and Javier de Leon

THE MEXICAN DANCE COMPANY

at the Piccadilly Theatre

The programme is divided into a first half recreating the dances of the Aztecs and the Mayans and a second half of modern popular works of the post-Spanish days. There is a great contrast between the works stemming from the primitive legends with their athletic ritual and the gay modern cabaret atmosphere of marimbas and muted trumpets. But the costumes of old and new are colourful and highly decorative. The Montezuma king and the Quetzal warriors wear sweeping head-dresses like peacocks and the bridesmaids, at a Tehuana wedding feast, dazzling silk dresses. From the vestiges of the Aztec and Mayan cultures, Javier de Leon has resurrected sacrificial and ritualistic dances—in the dance to the god of fire, Chief Tonalzin performs while accompanying himself on a flute and maracca simultaneously. The premiere of the four-week season in London was last week.

Contrasts in the costumes of dances from old and new Mexico

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Leonard Lord

Behind Sir Leonard Lord, K.B.E., executive chairman of the British Motor Corporation, are the hidden shapes of cars which may be seen on Britain's roads in the future. Mock-ups are prepared in the styling studio three or more years ahead of when the vehicles may come into production. Latest of the Corporation's successes are the van versions of the Mini-Minor and Austin Seven, launched in June to a barrage of enthusiasm from the Press. These vehicles are only one of the many triumphs of Sir Leonard's long career in the car industry. He was born in Coventry in 1896 and educated locally. He joined Hotchkiss at Coventry in 1922, and stayed there until 1927 when he went to the Wolseley works, purchased by Mr. W. R. Morris (later Lord Nuffield). Leonard Lord reorganised Wolseley and was appointed managing director of Morris in 1932. At the age of forty he retired to travel abroad and from 1937-38 he administered Lord Nuffield's Trust Fund to aid special areas. He was then appointed a member of the committee of management and works director of Austin. On the death of Lord Austin in 1941, he became deputy chairman and joint managing director of Austin, then chairman and managing director in 1945. With the subsequent merger of Austin and Nuffield, he was appointed deputy chairman and managing director of B.M.C., and when Lord Nuffield retired, became chairman. After the separation of the offices of chairman and managing director two years ago, Sir Leonard became executive chairman of the whole B.M.C. Group. He is often overseas on business. At present he has a house in Devonshire and his chief recreations are boating and painting in oils

Mr. Macmillan at Church House, Westminster

Mr. Macmillan is preceded by Sir William McFadzean, president of the F.B.I., and followed by Mr. Maudling, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. F. J. Erroll, Minister of State at the Board of Trade

"EXPORTING IS FUN"

This was the Prime Minister's rallying cry when he addressed a meeting at Church House, Westminster, organised jointly by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the Federation of British Industries, and the National Union of Manufacturers. Mr. Macmillan's speech was the beginning of a new export drive by the Government, likely to last until Christmas, during which Government ministers will tour Britain to encourage firms to export more. Speaking to 400 industrialists and representatives of commerce, the Prime Minister made an urgent plea for "an aggressive selling policy," particularly aimed at smaller firms which had not considered trading overseas. It was evident that the Government considered that the action it had taken to "level off" home demand should provide a new stimulus for the export drive (particularly in view of the widening in recent weeks of the trade gap). He discussed the services which the Board of Trade could provide. These would be publicised during the addresses given by Government members in various parts of Britain.

In the days after the meeting, further means of implementing the export drive were discussed. One move which was canvassed was that the Government should set up further advisory trade councils, similar to that organised for the Middle East. In the field of exports to the U.S., the Dollar Exports Council has had great success in demonstrating the possibilities of a profitable, although difficult market. At the same time as the Governmental drive, the Federation of British Industries is holding a series of small, round-table conferences throughout Britain. One such meeting has been held at Gleneagles and eight more are planned in various cities and towns.

Among those present for the special meeting are Sir Miles Thomas; Sir Graham Hayman; Sir Norman Kipping, Director-General of the F.B.I.; and Lord Rootes

Some of the 400 leaders of industry and commerce attending the meeting

AIRCRAFT GOING STRAIGHT UP

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

One of the great technological debates of our time, not yet resolved, turns round the extent to which development in the aircraft industry has until recently depended upon military requirements for its main stimulus—and about what the industry can do now that this stimulus is shifting towards rocketry. The involved tale of Mr. Sandys's tortuously-changing relationship with the British aircraft builders hangs upon this: and the same tale, one may add, is now beginning to be repeated in the United States. But even in Britain, the defence departments still represent substantial customers for aircraft, though aircraft are no longer the ultimate weapons; and the technical requirements of defence play a big part in the development of specialised aircraft. Some of these have little application outside rather recondite military jobs. Others, if they can be successfully developed beyond the prototype level, could have a considerable future for civil applications. One of the latter is the technique whose initials are V.T.O.L. and S.T.O.L.

"Vertical Take Off and Landing" and "Short Take Off and Landing," if they can be achieved without too extraordinary an expenditure of power, are techniques that every aircraft operator, civil or military, may sigh for—along with the governments and municipalities which have to finance ever more elaborate and larger airfields. Its immediate attraction for the defence authorities resides in the fact that operationally it would allow the deployment of fighter aircraft in forward areas without as large and vulnerable a range of airfields to be organised and defended, plus a far more flexible use of aircraft as a means of liaison and ground-to-air co-operation. In the last war, for example, relatively conventional aircraft, such as our own Auster and Germany's Fieseler Storch, proved extraordinarily versatile for use on small improvised airstrips. There are still descendants of this breed being developed, such as the Swiss Pilatus Porter light aeroplane, which can take off in 140 yards and land in 110 yards, and which is used for rescue and utility flying in and around the Alps.

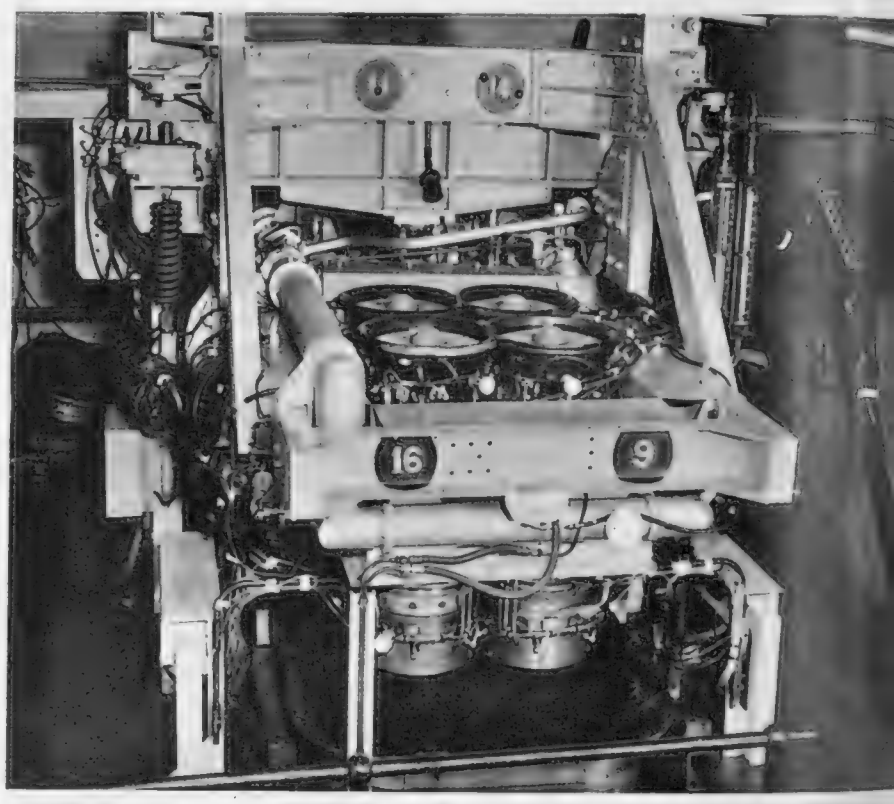
Vertical take-off as such, however, is less a matter of elegant design of the actual aeroplane than of brute force in the aero-engine. The Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," when it was first demonstrated a few years ago, tugging upwards against the lines that steadied it and tethered it to earth, gave to the onlooker the outstanding impression of its utter lack of relation to anything we normally think of as an aeroplane. In man's conquest of gravity, this represented an entirely new departure.

Some of the American vertical take off prototype aircraft that were built, standing nose upward on grotesquely over-developed tail-cum-undercarriages, designed to claw their way up into the air with huge double propellers rotating in opposite directions, were recognisably the conventional aircraft trying to do things that didn't come naturally to it, like a dog on its hind legs. By contrast, the Rolls-Royce experiment was a demonstration of what could be done simply with the thrust of the modern aero-engine alone. It left the question of what this thrust might be used to lift, conventional or unconventional, as quite a secondary consideration.

This, in a sense, is the way that most development of V.T.O.L. since that time has gone. Without any need to go into technical detail, it is fairly obvious that what any aircraft requires for vertical take-off is the power to lift the whole of its own laden weight, plus some margin for safety—usually taken as about 20 per cent. more—for a time at the beginning and end of its flight. That is a large requirement—up to ten times as much power as the same aircraft is liable to require in level flight, unless it is, say, a very high-speed fighter. The engines to provide that power themselves add considerable weight: for most of the flight, much of that weight may have to be carried without doing any work whatever. Several of the types of aircraft now being developed in this and other countries for vertical take-off simply accept this weight limitation; they employ vertically-mounted jet engines for lifting the aircraft off the ground and separate power to propel it once it is up. The difference in the power required can be illustrated by the case of Short's S.C.I., which flew this summer, the first complete V.T.O.L. jet aircraft demonstrated in this country; it uses four Rolls-Royce R.B.108 engines for lift and only one, horizontally mounted, for level flight. Some designs being built on the Continent, also relying on Rolls-Royce turbines, use as many as six for vertical lift to one for travelling on the level.

The expense of using 80 per cent. of one's engine power, and engine weight, for only a limited part of any actual flight is something which air forces may be able to accept for the extra capability it can give a fighter operating in forward terrain and difficult circumstances. It attracts airline operators much less; some of them, for this reason, have said that much as they would like vertical take-off for airliners, in the immediate future it simply is not feasible. This has encouraged development of an alternative arrangement, in which all the engines can work both on lift and on propulsion; this at least should offer some savings in weight. "Jet deflection," arrangements by which the jet thrust from any given engine can be exerted in any desired direction, beginning vertically and as the aircraft gains height swinging towards the horizontal, is the principle used here—as in the Hawker 1127, powered by a Bristol R.B.153 engine, which is likely to make its first flight before the end of the year.

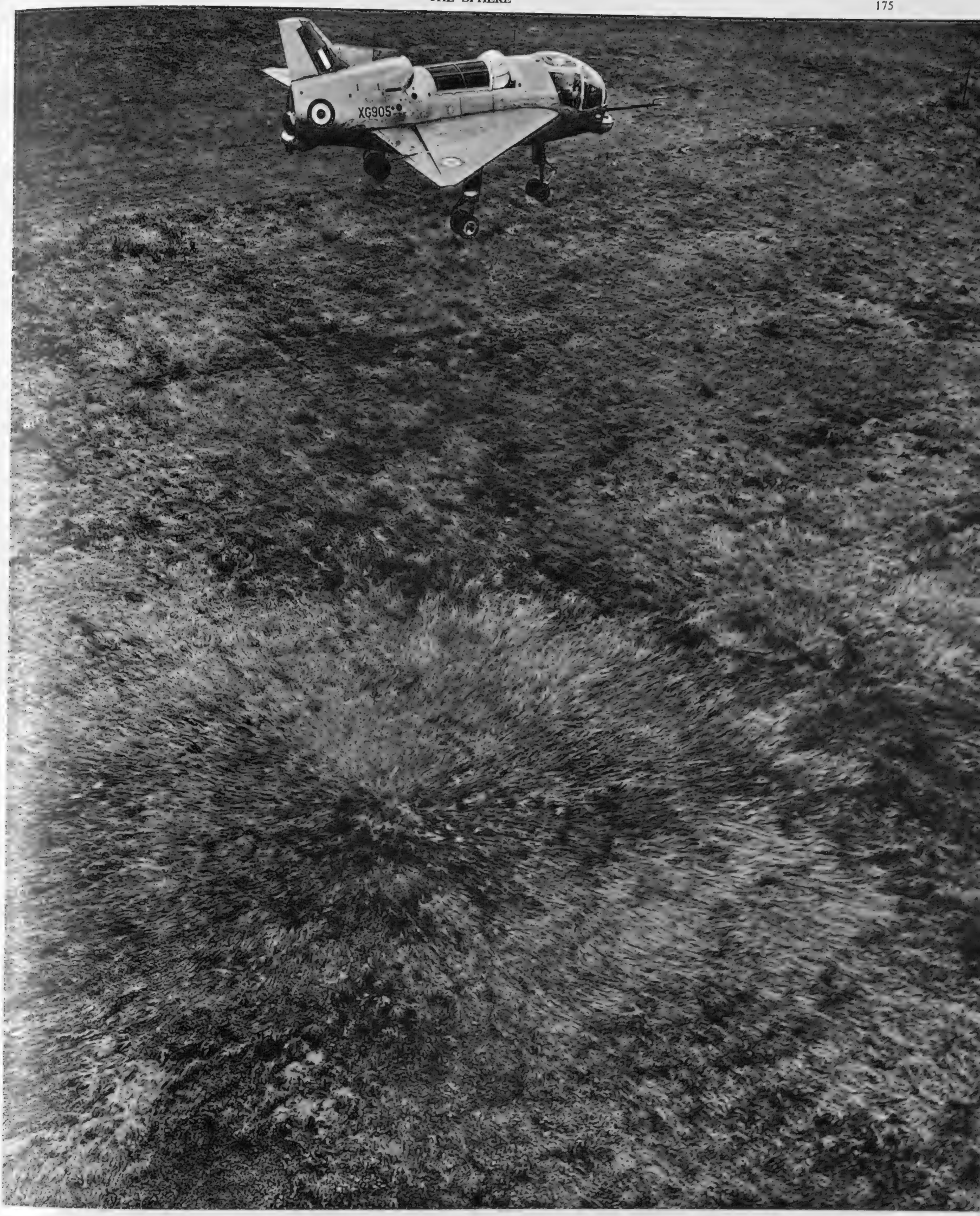
Expensive and exotic prototypes of this nature, mainly being developed for the world's last generation of manned fighters, may seem over-ambitious to many civil aircraft operators—as indeed to the schoolboy. From Jules Verne right through to the modern comic most of the impressive aerial vehicles with which schoolboy heroes are equipped have had V.T.O.L. as a matter of course; and the majority of them, one fancies, have achieved this by vertically-placed propellers, rotors, or fans. Why doesn't this work in reality, the schoolboy may well ask? The answer is that it does, or can be made to; but that with one outstanding exception the world's designers have tended to fight shy of it. That exception is Fairey's Rotodyne, introduced in 1958-59 and now on order both for British European Airways and for New York Airways. It is only fair to say that the Rotodyne is farther towards commercial operation than any of the V.T.O.L. jets. It combines the lifting rotor of the conventional helicopter with turbo-propeller engines for level flight; it uses the same engines throughout, first by ejecting compressed air to the main rotor for take-off and then by gradually switching this



Seen in the positions they would occupy in the Short S.C.1 aircraft, four Rolls-Royce R.B. 108 lift engines are ready for testing

power over to the horizontal propellers for level flight. The Rotodyne is a hybrid aircraft that has somewhat puzzled conventional aircraft designers; but there seems little doubt that it represents a workable and effective development of a V.T.O.L. airliner for shortish distances and (by modern standards) moderate speeds.

The conventional helicopter, though by far the most successful "family" of vertical lift aircraft, has hardly developed to the stage of the full-scale airliner. Sabena operates quite a successful short-stage network in Western Europe; there are similar networks in Chicago and New York. B.E.A. has made continuous experiments with helicopters, studying requirements for the obviously useful purpose of lifting passengers from the centre of London or other cities to the outlying airports. But the main development of helicopters has been for specialised jobs, of which transport is only a part: rescue services, communication in difficult terrain where no other links exist, crop-spraying, specialised lifting jobs, mapping and surveys for oil exploration. Some experts concerned with developing the V.T.O.L. jet aircraft think of wingless and rotorless vehicles which could compete with the helicopter at these activities; but most, apart from the military applications, are thinking of V.T.O.L. as associated with further development of civil air transport. Plans for the development of a supersonic airliner to fly the Atlantic, for example, may well include some admixture of jet power for lifting as well as for propulsion. And the industry is not ignoring the fact that such an airliner would have one key element in common with military aircraft. It would be a development in which the Government would be involved, with public money, from the word "Go"—which may soon be uttered.



BALANCED IN THE AIR

The Short S.C.1. V.T.O.L. research aircraft hovers over rough grass at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Bedford with Mr. Tom Brooke-Smith, its chief test pilot, at the controls. The picture by Charles E. Brown is a graphic demonstration of how the revolutionary aircraft works. The thrusts from its four downward pointing Rolls-Royce jet engines have been adjusted so as to converge on the ground, causing the grass to be flattened outwards in a circle; and the S.C.1. is balanced in the air. From this point it is possible for the aircraft to descend vertically to make an extremely gentle landing. The effect of the four jet engines on the ground immediately underneath has been one of the problems which have had to be overcome during development. When the S.C.1. was flown at the S.B.A.C. flying display last year, it showed an unexpected efficiency as a vacuum cleaner, picking up so much loose grass from a mown field that it clogged its intakes. This was caused by the suction effect of the airflow round the wing. In recent demonstrations, the S.C.1. has taken off from a metal platform, some 12 ins. off the ground. Prolonged hovering has also caused the ground underneath to become very hot—enough, for instance, to cause tar to bubble

KATANGA COPPER

A mechanical digger at work in the Musonoi mine, which has rich cobalt deposits as well as copper

The works at Jadotville-Shituru, the most industrial plant in the Congo, cover more than 54 acres

The attention that was paid to the Congo when the crisis began became even closer after the regional Prime Minister of Katanga, Mr. Tshombe, made the first moves towards seceding from the newly-independent state. He claimed that Katanga would federate with the neighbouring provinces of Kasai and Kishu. Nearly three-quarters of the state's exports, and virtually the whole of the mining production except gold, come from these three provinces. Katanga is one of the richest and most profitable mining regions in the world—not only copper, but also cobalt, tin, uranium and germanium. These represent about 60 per cent. of the Congo's wealth. Output last year was 276,000 long tons of copper (about 7½ per cent. of world output), 114,000 tons of zinc, 10,300 tons of tin, 8,400 of cobalt, and possibly 2,000 tons of uranium. Copper is mined from Kolwezi, through Jadotville and Elisabethville to the border of Northern Rhodesia. From her part of the Copper Belt Northern Rhodesia mined 531,000 tons last year. Kasai produces about three-quarters of the West's industrial diamonds.

At the time of the start of the crisis the position of who owned the mines was as follows: the Union Minière du Haut Katanga had a virtual monopoly of production. The new Government was given control of just under 25 per cent. of the shares, but the largest shareholders remained as they had been, the Belgian-controlled Compagnie du Haut Katanga and the British-owned Tanganyika Concessions. Most of the remaining shares were in private Belgian hands so that the two main groups, by acting in concert, could in theory go against the wishes of the Congolese Government. At the time, the top control of the Company was in European hands and, in fact, all the posts down to the level of mine managers and salesmen were held by Europeans. But the result of the crisis was the exodus of white staff and their families to Rhodesia, which led to the mines ceasing production. According to reports from Elisabethville, Katanga's capital, white officials were returning and the mines were coming back into action last week. It was also stated that the regional Katanga Government would get a share of the profits and its nominees would go on the board. Another result of the crisis was that exports of copper from Matadi, the Congo's only port, far to the west, had ceased, and that exports were routed through Rhodesia and Angola. (Over half of Katanga's exports had left by these routes, anyway.)

The ore is unloaded at the washing plant

Opencast mining at Ruwe. Millions of cubic yards of soil have been moved to lay bare the copper vein, 130 ft. down

The raw smelted copper is poured out in ingots

Ore slag is carried in bins to the converter (extreme left)

MOTORING

A LUXURY ITALIAN SALOON

Safety measures over August bank holiday

By **Courtenay Edwards**

It is wise to keep an eye on the driving mirror when you are out in a Fiat 2100. Its 2,054-c.c. 6-cylinder engine is so silky and quiet that it is easy to let the red strip of the linear-scale speedometer slip well past the 30 m.p.h. mark, in a built-up area, without realising it. This is the biggest model built by the Fiat company, which employs 85,000 people, mostly in their Turin plant, and turns out 2,000 vehicles a day. The 2100 was announced at the Geneva Motor Show last year. It was introduced to Britain at the October Motor Show and is now appearing on our roads in increasing numbers. (Did you know that Fiat has been established in the U.K. for more than thirty-five years?)

Pinin Farina was consulted about the styling of the 2100 and its sharp, crisp lines conform to the current Continental fashion. The car handles well, does over 90 m.p.h., and the makers claim a petrol mileage of around 25 to the gallon cruising at a steady 60 m.p.h. So the 13-gallon fuel tank gives a useful cruising range of about 320 miles. This is in many ways a luxury car. It offers as standard equipment many items normally listed as optional extras. They include heater with variable-control thermostat, front seats with backrests which tilt right back at the touch of a lever, power-assisted brakes with skid-preventing pressure governor, centrifugal oil filter, demister for rear window (as well as one for the screen) and a red light on the dashboard which flashes if you leave the handbrake on.

There are hand straps above the rear doors and behind the front seats, to make it easier for passengers to get in and out, large pockets behind the front seats and a flashing light to tell you the petrol is getting low. Courtesy lights are operated by the opening of any of the four doors. The 2100 costs £1,399 in England. That includes £412 purchase tax after the basic price (which in Italy is equivalent to £892) has already been inflated by 30 per cent. import duty. A lower-powered version of this five-seat saloon—the 1800—has an engine of 1,795 c.c. and costs £52 less in total.

The 2100's engine is the smallest six-cylinder car unit that I know. It has a compression ratio of 8·8 to 1 and a Weber carburettor with automatic choke. I was intrigued to learn the car has an "octane selector" but this turned out to be nothing more than an accessible and easily manipulated knurled wheel to advance or retard the spark according to the grade of petrol you are using. The engine develops 82 brake horse-power at 5,000 r.p.m. This elegant Fiat has synchromesh on all ratios of a four-speed gear-box (controlled by a lever on the steering column) and other refinements include lights in both the roomy luggage boot and engine compartment which work automatically when either is opened up; automatic reversing light; cigarette lighter; flashing lights on the sides of the car as well as at front and rear when turning right or left; ashtray on the fascia, which springs open at the touch of a button, and an illuminated, lockable glovebox, the lid of which does the same.

The single-speed wiper leaves an unpleasant blind spot in the middle of the screen and is controlled by a tiny, inaccessible switch tucked away under the dashboard, where it can easily be confused with the two fog-lamp switches. Parking of the wipers is only semi-automatic. Another small criticism is that the steering column control levers for the lights and flashers are too close together. Otherwise, this is a car worthy of the great name it bears.

I have a feeling the A.A. and the R.A.C. are dead right when they say the apparent success of the 50-m.p.h. speed limit experiment at Whitsun was largely due to the presence on the restricted roads of a larger number of police patrol cars than are usually found there. I am certain that if only there was an adequate number of police cars and motor-cycles on our main roads at holiday times and at other summer week-ends it would do more than any other single agency to check the exuberance and selfishness of the drivers who give motoring a bad name and boost the road casualty figures.

No doubt all available police patrol cars will be pressed into service when the 50-m.p.h. experiment is extended to 600 miles of British roads at the August Bank Holiday week-end. Mr. Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, says the Whitsun experiment was too small to yield significant results and I agree. It affected only 150 miles of road. In Germany they have abandoned the 62-m.p.h. limit on the autobahnen as a failure.

With the news of the new 50-m.p.h. experiment came some interesting comments by Sir Joseph Simpson, Metropolitan Police Commissioner, on the road courtesy campaign he initiated some time ago. Under that road safety drive he instructed his traffic patrols to pay more attention to accident prevention and the free circulation of traffic than to the enforcement of the traffic laws. That is why fewer drivers have been summoned in the London area for speeding offences. I am afraid that a tougher policy may be on the way judging by what Sir Joseph says about giving verbal warning to errant drivers. "Without being cynical," he says, "one wonders whether this approach is really effective."

The biggest of the current Fiat models is available with either a 2054-c.c. or a 1795-c.c. engine: externally the two versions appear the same

Few men are better qualified than Ken Gregory to write a book about the background story of motor sport. He is Stirling Moss's manager; acted in a similar capacity for the late Peter Collins; served as secretary of the British Racing and Sports Car Club; is a director of the Brands Hatch racing circuit in Kent; and is helping Mr. Alfred Moss, Stirling's father, to run the Yeoman Credit racing team. So it is not surprising that a book by Gregory with the title "Behind the Scenes in Motor Racing," just published by MacGibbon and Kee at 25s., makes a valuable contribution to the history of the sport as well as providing fascinating pen portraits of some of the great personalities in motor racing and verbal sketches of some of the more piquant situations that have arisen in the sport since the war. It is a frank document in which Gregory strips some of the glamour from motor racing to reveal the disappointments, the frustrations, the tough bargaining and the heart-aches which characterise this dangerous sport. Far from attempting to put Moss on a pedestal, it is a portrait with "warts and all."

While Gregory holds up a mirror to the contemporary scene, an older man—Mr. A. F. C. Hillstead—a former sales manager for Bentley Motors, has been searching his memory and putting on paper his thoughts about motoring through the years. The result—"Fifty Years of Motor Cars" (Faber and Faber. 21s.)—is fascinating. It will give a lot of nostalgic pleasure to older motorists and make younger men envious of Mr. Hillstead's experiences in those pioneer days.

Briefly .... Vanden Plas, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Austin Motor Co., has been registered as a separate car-building firm, and from now on the 3-litre and 4-litre Austin Princesses will be known as the Vanden Plas Princesses .... Reports from Moscow say the Russian Zaporozhets baby car is now in production with a V-4 engine of 746 c.c. placed at the rear .... A new Valor Packaway stove costs £2 15s., operates for five hours on two pints of paraffin and packs away with all accessories into an attractive little case .... "Go Placer" is the name of a camping trailer which will be on sale later this year. The roof hinges back to provide a flat floor large enough for four beds, and a built-in canvas tent is pulled down like a fan. Price £193 10s. ....

Of especial interest to field-sports enthusiasts...

In the issue on sale August 3 *Farm & Country* will include three important features of especial interest to those who follow field events: a detailed, illustrated account of *Anthony Clarkson's* visit to the GAME FAIR at Castle Howard and a pictorial report and commentary on both the ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW and the PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW. Demand for the August 3 issue of *Farm & Country* will be heavy: to be sure of your copy you should order NOW from your usual supplier, price 2*s.* or, in case of difficulty, direct from The Publisher, "Farm & Country," Ingram House, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. enclosing 2*s.* 6*d.* which includes postage.

Farm & COUNTRY

an illustrated journal for all who live on the land—published alternate Wednesdays at 2/-

"Farm & Country's" regular features include: Other People's Farms, Women in Farming, Up and Down the Land, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing, Food and Drink, The Countryman's Log, About the House, Motoring, Books . . . "Farm & Country" is a top-class publication which mirrors the farming scene, in the most authoritative manner. Why not place a regular order for "Farm & Country" with your newsagent?

There and back in a week?

Yes, two hundred miles a day.

Won't that be awfully tiring?

Not really. Holiday driving's different. Besides, I've fitted Firestone all round.

How can tyres make so much difference?

They can make all the difference to roadholding and braking. Takes a weight off your mind on a long fast run.

Come to think of it, I know just what you mean.

You too will

feel safer—
***be* safer—on**

Firestone DE LUXE

Firestone De Luxe on the front wheels and Firestone Town & Country on the rear is the ideal tyre arrangement for better, safer driving. Long wear, quiet running, improved handling, maximum grip for all-season safety —these are the Firestone features that add confidence under all road conditions.

DRIVE SAFELY

BE A BETTER DRIVER. You owe it to your family, you owe it to others, you owe it to yourself to BE SAFE ON THE ROAD.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

WORLD WITHOUT SHADOW

PLEASE REMEMBER ST. DUNSTAN'S IN YOUR WILL

★

All information from
THE LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE
(Chairman)

ST DUNSTAN'S

1, South Audley Street, London, W.1

(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948)

ADVANCES
£50 - £10,000
without security

THE EDGWARE TRUST LIMITED
28 MOUNT STREET
PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
Telephones:
MAYfair 0751 & HYDe Park 6452

SUNSHINE LOVERS

Late holiday enthusiasts will be welcomed by blue skies and sunshine, in ITALY, SICILY, SOUTH of SPAIN, the BALEARIC ISLANDS, the FRENCH RIVIERA, ITALIAN ADRIATIC or RIVIERA. In PORTUGAL and the CANARY ISLANDS.

We have a variety of late Summer and Autumn holidays, or cruises to choose from.

COSTS from 27½ gns.

Advance information of winter sunshine holidays and winter sports is available now.

ERNA LOW

47 (SP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7
KENsington 8881/4 and 0911

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS: MOTT, HAY AND ANDERSON

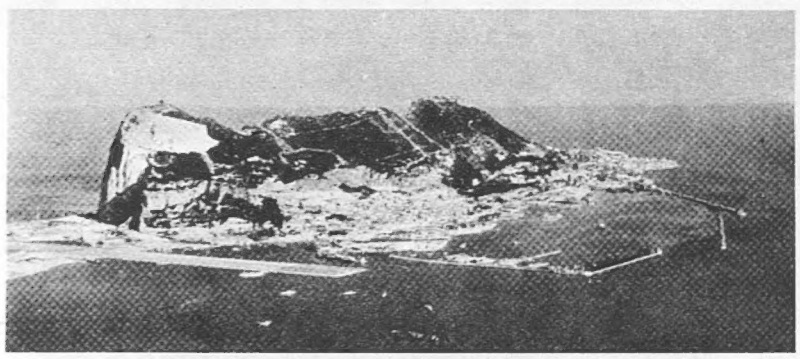
Kingsferry Bridge, Kent

—opened on the 20th April 1960 by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Another large contract successfully completed by the John Howard organization

John Howard

spans the world

JOHN HOWARD & COMPANY LTD Civil Engineering Contractors
13 BUCKINGHAM GATE LONDON SW1: VIC 8951



GIBRALTAR

STEPPING STONE TO TANGIER & SOUTHERN SPAIN

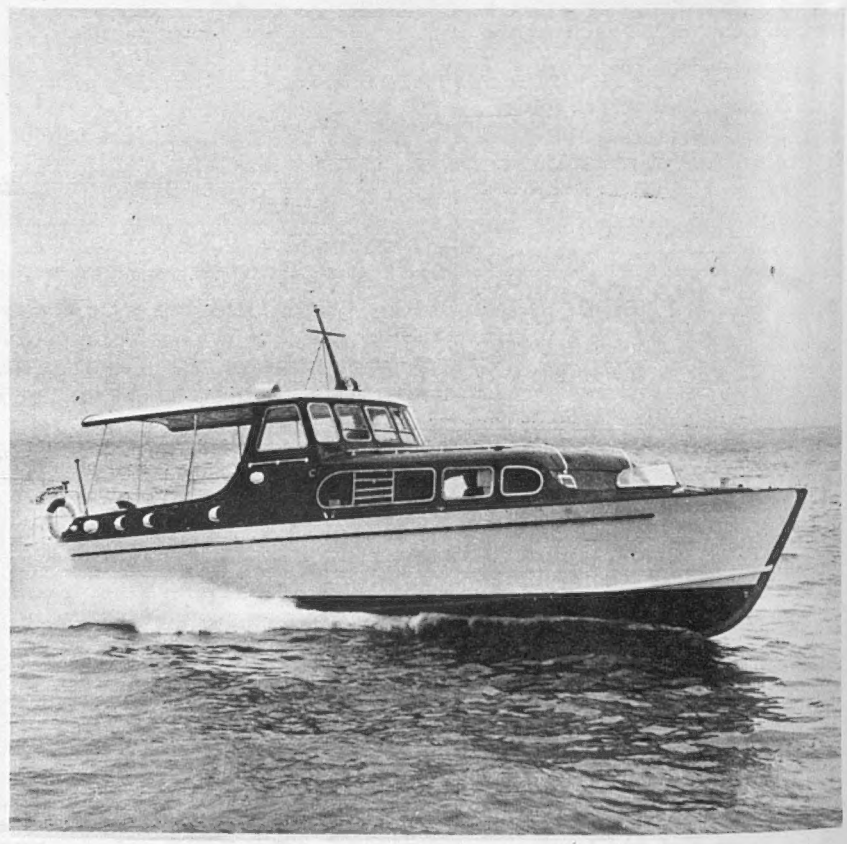
Unusual and unlimited sightseeing, excellent climate for bathing and plenty of entertainment . . . Wonderful tax-free shopping for goods from every part of Europe . . . Modern comfortable hotels with special night stop-over rates . . . Gibraltar is in the sterling area—no currency or visa problems . . . Only 4½ hours from London in turbo-prop Viscount airliners—Frequent air, sea or coach connections to all neighbouring places.

Write for an illustrated brochure to:

GIBRALTAR TOURIST BUREAU

WATERPORT WHARF, GIBRALTAR

Thoroughbred



48 ft. air conditioned Day Cruiser—30 knots

THORNYCROFT

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO. LIMITED, Thornycroft House, LONDON, S.W.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88–90, Old Kent Road, London, S.E. 1. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1960. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

FOR six days we have been on hotel safari in Kent and Sussex and, as there are some who suspect that we only see hotels through reflected roseate hues of innumerable red carpets, let me assure you that it is the exception rather than the rule to give any indication of our intended visit.

Setting off from our home in West Sussex, we, as is always our wont, steered a course which avoided as far as possible all main roads and what a fascinating run it was, hugging the north face of the South Downs and bringing us to our first objective in time for lunch—*The Birch Hotel*, Haywards Heath, which, from a restaurant and residential hotel angle, is admirably located. Here the restaurant is to be enlarged and kitchens re-equipped to meet greater demand; the once squash courts converted into up-to-date living quarters for the staff; a new filtration plant provided for the splendid swimming-pool and hotel bedrooms redecorated. Substantially built, the country house character will remain the same, as does its healthy situation—400 ft. above sea-level with unrestricted views over to the South Downs.

Next on our list, with the South Downs still very much a part of the landscape, we revisited a sixteen bedroom hotel—*North Court Hotel*, Hassocks.

Admirably located is this proportional country house hotel in Stanford Avenue, three minutes' walk from Hassocks station.

As a consequence an increasing clientele of cross-Channel motorists (Newhaven/Dieppe), house hunters, holiday makers and particularly winter residents are attracted to *North Court*—where Mrs. Janet Woods and her partner Miss Katherine Lord not only cook in a manner refreshingly different from the average but, by studying the personal needs of their guests, have created a very pleasant atmosphere.

Still with the South Downs in view, we came to Ditchling, Lewes and, following the Sussex Ouse, emerged on the Brighton/Eastbourne Coast road. Turning eastward for about a couple of miles we came to a signpost on our left which read " Bishopstone Village. No through road." Here at the end—perhaps a mile and a half off the road—nestling in a fold of the Downs lies *Little Hallands;* which Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford opened as an hotel and country club in 1957. Fortunate indeed were we to have almost the only available bedroom, and with a private bathroom, for *Little Hallands* is one of the most restful and charmingly furnished country house hotels in the whole of Britain. It was heartrending that we could only stay one night, so it was with extreme reluctance that we made our departure the next morning after enjoying again Mrs. Crawford's delicious cooking.

Our first call the following day was another country house hotel of character, *Deans Place*, overlooking the fascinating downland village of Alfriston. New owners had acquired this hotel since our last visit, so we were curious to ascertain whether they were in tune with their surroundings. A talk with Mr. and Mrs. Bell convinced us that they have the right ideas and the flair to carry them out. (A week later we returned unexpectedly and enjoyed an excellent lunch.)

Threading our way through unfrequented Sussex lanes we struck the Lewes/Hastings road and passing through Herstmonceux and Boreham Street we came once more to *Whitefriars Hotel*, which was one of our earliest and most satisfactory recommendations. Alas! Mr. and Mrs. Wreford, who had been owners for over twenty years, have in the fullness of time found it necessary to retire; but we are glad to report that the Company which have acquired *Whitefriars* are well versed in catering and intend maintaining and developing the high standards of the Buttery and the country house atmosphere above stairs. After a talk with one of the new owners, Mr. E. R. Phillips, we feel well satisfied that the continuance of our recommendation is well justified.

A few miles further eastwards we came to *Moor Hall Hotel*, Ninfield, where Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hamer, the owners, greeted us as if they had not a care in the world. In fact they have but one, that of looking after their visitors, and this was endorsed by a retired General to whom we had recommended *Moor Hall* some two years ago. He followed our advice and is still there!

It was nearing lunch time and we had *Greyhorses Hotel*, once the home of Cyril Maude, on our agenda. A country house hotel, it lies in its own garden just off the main Eastbourne/Bexhill road at Little Common. Pulling in at nearly 1.20 p.m. we enquired rather timorously whether we could have a table and after a short wait one became vacant. And an excellent lunch it was. No great choice, but what we did select was tasty and all hot dishes were piping hot. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the owners, took, because of staff shortage, the principal roles themselves for, while Mrs. Gamble did the waiting, we learnt afterwards that Mr. Gamble did all the cooking.

Eastbourne was our next port of call and how inviting it looked in the early June sunshine. One of the best laid out towns in the country, practically the whole of the Grand Parade is given over to hotels. The *Chatsworth Hotel* was fully booked except for a first floor double bedroom facing the sea. And very comfortable we found it. A telephone by our bedside, electric razor plug points and each room has been wired for wireless or television. A sound family hotel with an all the year season, the *Chatsworth* has, in Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hornsby, the advantage of young and experienced resident owners. Always we find on returning some new amenity; and this time it was a small cocktail causerie for the exclusive use of resident guests and those who might come in for meals.

Catering has always been a feature here, but being only one nighters we could not hope to compete with our fellow visitors, who had clearly imbibed more of Eastbourne's appetite-making air than we had.

Space does not permit of outlining the remainder of our itinerary, but suffice to say it embraced St. Leonards, Rye, the Romsey Marshes, Hythe, Folkestone, Canterbury and the Thanet Coast.

Readers interested in any of these locations are invited to write to me.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
standing in own beautiful grounds, distinctly individual, with an appeal to all irrespective of age. Every comfort and excellent cuisine. Delightful Cocktail Bar and Grill Room. Week-end dancing. Garage. Tel.: 5891/2/3.

Nr. BEXHILL (4 miles), NINFIELD. MOOR HALL HOTEL
for a country-cum-seaside holiday. Riding stables, golf (Cooden and Highwood), tennis. Children welcome. Licensed. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

BOURNEMOUTH. LINDEN HALL HOTEL
Admirably equipped for holidays, recreational or recuperative. Superb indoor heated swimming pool and squash courts (resident instructors). Bridge, billiards, ballroom, games room, tennis, 120 bedrooms, suites and private bathrooms. Conference Secretaries especially note. Tel.: Bournemouth 33533.

CHELTENHAM, Glos. ELLENBOROUGH HOTEL
Centrally yet quietly situated, this long-established family hotel will appeal to those appreciative of their creature comforts in a friendly and efficient environment. Tel.: 2571.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

Nr. EDINBURGH, Gullane. GREYWALLS
A charming Lutyens house within easy reach of city, facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court. Interesting catering. Licensed. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

KESWICK, Lake District. KESWICK HOTEL
All lakes and mountains easily accessible by car or coach. Swiss cuisine and service. A.A. Four-star and internationally famous. Tel.: 20.

CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL AND CLUB
LEDSHAM, Cheshire
Visitors to Chester or Merseyside, on business or pleasure, note this address for luxurious comfort and country house contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
For a memorable holiday. First on sea front for cuisine and entertainment. Free golf. Ballroom. Cocktail Lounge. Ideal motoring centre. Tel.: 77544.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine: fully licensed. Phone all rooms; suites. Putting, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
Visiting Lancashire—and would appreciate a private bathroom, excellent cuisine and service plus a quiet, healthy, sea aspect? Then this is the hotel to make for. Tel.: Lytham 6245.

ST. MAWES, Cornwall. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and luxurious in a sub-tropical garden setting overlooking sea. First-class food and service. Club Bar. Tel.: 322.

SALCOMBE, South Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
on the crest of the wave for outstanding food and wine. Private baths and balconies. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Adults only. Inclusive daily terms from 43s. 6d. Tel.: 288.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First class, fine seafront position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Suites. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. TORBAY HOTEL
Comfort in all seasons in the mild Devon climate. Sunny sheltered position. Lift. Personal attention by Mrs. G. P. Sanders. Tel.: Sidmouth 90.

SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
R.A.C. and A.A.**** Fully licensed. Now under new management, this hotel can really guarantee its motto "come and be spoilt." Excellent cuisine, including *à la carte*, bedside radio, dancing, swimming, tennis, putting and billiards, etc. Tel.: Sidmouth 951.

TROON. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort, and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing, tennis. Tel.: 980.

GRAND HOROSCOPE!
Any Month

No matter what star you were born under, you will find under our A.A. and R.A.C. stars that the tide turns twice daily in your favour. The sun will shine and impart a healthy tan. Money affairs will be excellent, as Squash, Tennis, Golf and other pleasurable pursuits will be found to be entirely free. Forget business and relax. Eat and drink freely. Our staff are waiting to help you. Give them a chance.

THE GRAND TORQUAY

Always a good address. Telephone 25234.
Your enquiry will have the personal interest of our General Manager.

If your problem is moving merchandise to and from the Mediterranean, ELLERMAN is the keyword. Practically every day ELLERMAN ships pass Gibraltar carrying capital goods for industry, re-exports and general consumer goods of all kinds. Homeward bound they may carry the innumerable products of Italy, the Currants of Greece or the famous Turkish Sultanas; the varied fruits of the earth from Cyprus or other merchandise of the Arab States. They know, these international shippers, that an ELLERMAN ship is safe and sure . . . that ELLERMAN service is world-wide, competent and competitive. When you need help in the carrying of merchandise on any of the world's trade routes, bear in mind that ELLERMAN lines ships, their facilities and incomparable experience are at your disposal.

ELLERMAN LINES

Serve the trade routes of the world

ELLERMAN LINES SERVE THE WORLD'S TRAVELLERS

Two classes of Ellerman ships carry passengers with comfort and much luxury. The Ellerman Twelves with 12 passengers and the "City" class with 100. *These ships serve South and East Africa on regular services, and in addition, the Twelves frequently sail on the Indian, Far Eastern and Australasian routes. For passenger enquiries please communicate with Ellerman Lines Passenger Office,* 29/34, *Cockspur Street, London, S.W.*1. *Tel.: Whitehall* 5372*: For freight enquiries please refer to Ellerman Lines Head Office,* 12/20, *Camomile Street, London, E.C.*3. *Tel.: Avenue* 4311.